1968-69

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Dedication

MISS MARGARET TAWNEY
NHS Staff 1952 - 1954; 1958 - 1969

The magazine committee feels that the 1968 - 1969 annual is rightly dedicated to Miss Tawney. For many years she was a faithful, hard-working and energetic home-room teacher of Grade Eleven. In all our projects and ideas we had her solid backing, and she always put up stoically with the various more tiresome aspects of the class! Stale jokes and all odd events were accepted with everlasting good humour. Math, through her skills, became an absorbing and interesting subject.

We will all remember the time and service that Miss Tawney gave to the whole school.

* * *

In dedicating this Magazine to Miss Tawney, your editors are paying tribute to one of those outstanding personalities with whom one is occasionally lucky enough to be associated. Speaking as the Head of the School, I found her unswerving loyalty, enthusiasm for her subject and warm concern for each of her pupils, a constant source of strength. She demanded the best but was prepared to go more than half way to assist in its production. Speaking personally, I valued her as a friend on whose courage, optimism, humour and common sense one could always rely.

The School is planning a suitable memorial, the exact form of which will be announced in the near future. But the affection with which she will be remembered will need no reminder.

Miss Scott

Norfolk House School
1968 - 1969

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1968 - 1969

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Miss A. Winifred Scott, B.Sc. (*Dalhousie*)

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Mrs. R. G. Gore-Langton
Miss Margaret Tawney (deceased Feb. 1969)
Mrs. A. A. Reid
Mrs. R. Spicer
Mrs. G.B. Reid
Mrs. N. M. Maloney
Mrs. J. Cowley
Miss Helen Stratton
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Mr. M. B. Roberts
Miss Dorothy Lee

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Mrs. D. Falder
Mrs. R. Reynolds
Mrs. A. W. Reynolds
Mrs. D. B. Edwards

Physical Education:	Mrs. M. G. Watton
	Mrs. G. D. Hawkins
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Art:	Mrs. S. S. Allin
Drama:	Mrs. J. M. C. Meiklejohn
	Mr. Stuart Baker
School Secretary:	Mrs. M. F. Perrott

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Back row, left to right: L. Straith, P. Allen, B. Cunningham, E. Courtnall, G. Stirling, J. Boyd, A. Nelles, J. Smyth.

Front row: B. Johnston, R. Napier, C. Taylor, K. Gibson, A. Poulton, H. Bailey, S. North.

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Jill Boyd, Gail Stirling

Typing: Jill Smyth

The whole of Grade Eleven has participated generously in the production and organization of this year's "mag." Everyone helped to decide the vital matters, especially in arranging the three mixed-photograph pages. All the workers are too numerous to mention.

Of the Members of the Staff, Miss Scott, Miss Lee, and Mrs. Allin have been especially helpful. Thank you, everybody! The Editors

STAFF

Back row, left to right: Mr. Nelles, Mrs. Havelaar, Mrs. L. Reynolds, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. C. Reid, Mrs. Maloney, Miss Stratton, Mrs. Allin, Miss Lee, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Hawkins.

Front row: Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. R. Reynolds, Mrs. J. Reid, Mrs. Gore-Langton, Miss Scott, Mrs. Fairweather, Mrs. Spicer, Mrs. Falder, Mrs. Watton.

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Back row, left to right: J. Buckle, L. Bapty, K. Sartorius, M. Bigelow, E. Webb, J. Brock.

Front row: B. Harris, H. Ohrt, C. Penn, L. Cameron, P. Angus, K. Maddock, K. Quinn.

EDITORIAL

This year has been one of change: in the world, in the school, and now in the cover of our magazine. The design is still the same, because it is a good one. "Lore" means learning, so "Norfolk-Lore" means learning about Norfolk House. Folk-lore, itself, is the study of peoples' customs in different localities. Norfolk has much about which others — such as the schools with whom we exchange magazines — are interested to learn. For those who attend here, we are not so much learning about, as reviewing the School's activities for the past year.

It is the last year for the graduating class: we hope that they will remember it well, as they read the 1968-1969 Norfolk-Lore. And when they leave the school " . . . this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning." —Winston Churchill

The Editors

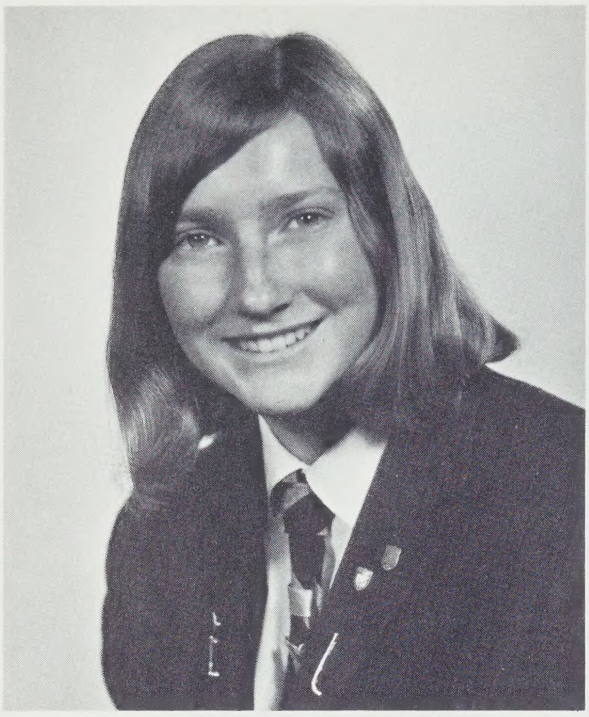
To the School

As the magazine goes to press, the school year is drawing toward conclusion. Most of you will be more concerned with looking ahead than with looking back. For the graduates there is an increasing realization that the end of School, which has seemed for so long an almost unobtainable goal, is practically here. New plans for a future in the adult world are looming as a reality. This final year has, I hope, proved an effective bridge between the world of childhood and future challenges.

This has been a year during which we have together examined many of the routines of the school day. Have we begun to discover that, although we may talk in the halls, standards of courtesy are still valid? Can we in the future manage, as teachers and students, to say "Together we will" rather than "You must or else" . . . ? Strangely, in many cases a number of you seemed to prefer to hear "You must do it, and do it now". Must this always be so?

Whatever small rules we abolish in Norfolk House now and in the future, I hope that each one of us will understand that freedom must never include the right to hurt others. Personal integrity applied both to work and contacts with other people is your most valuable possession. Service, not freedom from obligation, is the way to happiness. It is this deep sense of satisfaction that I hope each of you will find in the life of your School and in the world outside it.

Miss Scott



LAURA DIBEL CAMERON (Head Girl)
1957 - 1969
Wymondham

"*Above and Beyond the call of Duty.*"

This year we were lucky enough to have Laura as our very able Head Girl. Besides the duties of being a Prefect, she was an irreplaceable member of the First Hockey and Basketball teams in both of which she has received her school colours. She played as well on Wymondham's Track, Hockey and Basketball teams. She has also been a loyal supporter of the U.N. Club. Literature, Biology, Math and Latin are her majors. Laura plans to go to U.B.C., if possible; if not, then to UVic for one year.

Ambition: to study psychology.
Probable Destiny: "*needing* a psychologist."
Pet Peeve: Playing puppy dog.
Favorite Saying: "I'm sorry."

Head Girl's Report

Having reached grade twelve, I now look back on those years, the happy and tragic events which influenced me, and the wonderful people, students and teachers who helped me. Yet from being at Norfolk I have discovered that the more one participates in school, similarly in life, the more one learns and experiences. Also by personally taking part one finds joy in learning. For instance in Biology it is much more satisfying to find the answer to a question by poking around in a squid than by asking someone else.

By participating in school I mean doing things, questioning, instead of sitting back comfortably and accepting everything. Because Norfolk is a small school, there is greater opportunity for the individual to become involved in school activities, such as sports, interhouse activities, clubs, and class projects.

Joy comes from satisfaction and only by doing something does one feel the joy of achievement.

Norfolk is your school. It has great possibilities but you must make these changes happen.

Good luck next year's grade twelve.

Laura

CAROLINE MARY GILLIAN PENN
(Games Captain)
1956 - 1969
Caister

"*Silence is golden, . . . But my eyes still see!*"

This year Caroline was Norfolk's most capable Games Captain. As you might imagine, she was captain of the First XI Hockey Team, and an energetic member of the Basketball and Track teams. She enjoyed playing hockey for her house, Caister, which undoubtedly needed her support. Caroline's majors are Math, Biology, French and Literature. Her future plans include Youth Hosteling in Europe this summer and in the fall, UVic.

Ambition: Undecided as yet.

Probable Destiny: Waxing skis at Forbidden Plateau.

Pet Peeve: Filling out the mag forms.

Favorite Saying: "*I don't get it.*"

The Games Captain's Report

During the year Norfolk teams have participated in hockey, basketball, badminton, and look forward to an active summer term in both tennis and track. Within the school there have been interhouse hockey, basketball, and gym. Perhaps the latter are just as important for there is not always the silver trophy at the end of a game. The teams must therefore realize the significance of making each game happy for the other team and for themselves. Good sportsmanship begins within the school and at an early age. I hope that the younger ones are always encouraged to play and to enjoy playing . . . And that next year the interhouse games will be supported more actively by the entire school.

On behalf of all the girls, I would like to thank Mrs. Hawkins for all that she has given to school sports during the last two years. She will be missed next year. In concluding I would like to quote Sir J. H. Newbolt, for all who participate:

"To set the Cause above renown
To love the game beyond the prize."

MARGARET ELIZABETH ANGUS (Peggie)
1958 - 1969
Walsingham

"To love and be wise is scarcely possible, even for Peggie."

As an excellent Prefect, Head of the Library Committee (for which she earned her colours), member of the U.N. and Social Service Clubs, and captain of the Senior Choir, Peggie has contributed much to the school this year. Her majors are Geography, Literature and Biology. She plans to attend UVic.

Ambition: To became an elementary teacher.
Probable Destiny: Sprinkling fairy dust.
Pet Peeve: Silence.
Favorite Saying: "Im just foofing around."

LINDA MARIANNE BAPTY
1959 - 1969
Dereham

Lead me not into temptation: just show me the way and I'll find it myself.

Linda is a school prefect, and a member of the Debating Team. She takes part in her House hockey, basketball, tennis, track and gym teams, as well as House choir. She is majoring in Math, Physics, Literature and French. She plans to go to UVic for First Year.

Ambition: To be happy.
Pet Peeve: People who speak in hyperboles.

PENELOPE FRANCIS BEAVEN
1962 - 1969
Walsingham

"Music, the greatest good that mortals know All of heaven we have below."

Penny came to Norfolk in 1962. Her majors are Literature, French, and German. She has been very active in the school choir attending many festivals. She belongs to the U.N. Club, the Spanish Club and the French Club. Penny is an enthusiastic member of Walsingham. Her future plans are to study music in England.

Ambition: To be a singer.
Probable Destiny: Gargling on a mouthwash commercial.
Pet Peeve: Fingernails scraped on a blackboard.
Favorite Saying: "*Good Grief*!"

MARGARET ELIZABETH BIGELOW

1964 - 1969

Walsingham

"*Why hurry when I can come a little late.*"

Margaret has been a hard-working and conscientious prefect this year and we all agree a good one too! She has been Walsingham's illustrious captain playing on both inter-house hockey and basketball teams. She was also on the school basketball team and needless to say she was irreplaceable. Margaret was a great asset to the Library Committee (in which she earned colours), the U.N. Club, the Social Service Club and the School Choir. Her majors are Math, Literature and Geography. Her plans for next year are attending UVic and taking an Art Course there.

Ambition: To learn all she can and have fun.

Probable Destiny: Teaching art at Norfolk.

Pet Peeve: My chipmunk cheeks.

Favorite Saying: "Oh that's really neat."

HEATHER JILL BROCK

1964 - 1969

Walsingham

"*Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much.*"

This year Jill has been an excellent prefect and member of the school basketball team, for which she received her colours. She has been a loyal member of the U.N., Social Service, and Red Cross Clubs and also of the senior choir. She enjoyed playing basketball for her house team (which won all the games!). Her majors are Math, German and Literature. Her future plans are to spend one year at UVic and then — who knows?

Ambition: To own a 1950 yellow convertible Morris and travel.

Probable Destiny: Bicycling around the block!

Pet Peeve: Endless discussions.

Favorite Saying: "It's so stupid."

JANE MARY BUCKLE

1964 - 1969

Walsingham

It seems that work always interferes with my life.

Jane, another of our helpful prefects, majors this year in French, Math and Biology. She is an avid supporter of her House, playing hockey and basketball, and singing in the House Choir. A member of the school basketball team, Jane belongs to the United Nations Club, is President of the Red Cross and sings in the Senior Choir. She plans to go to UVic for First Year, and then to Montreal for nurse's training.

Ambition: To join CUSO and go to Africa.

Probable Destiny: Marrying an African native.

Pet Peeve: Squeamish biology partners.

Favourite Saying: "What time is it?"

SUSAN CHAWORTH-MUSTERS

1967 - 1969

Dereham

There are two types of people in the world: those who agree with me and those who are wrong.

Sue plays on the senior hockey team and sings in the senior choir. She also participates in house hockey, tennis, choir, gym and track. She is on the Spanish executive, a member of the French and U.N. Clubs and Social Service. Sue's Majors are Math, Biology, Literature and Spanish. Her future plans are to go to Europe for a year or so.

Ambition: To keep travelling.

Probable Destiny: Patching rented leder-hosen for tourists in Switzerland.

Pet Peeve: Crowds.

Favourite Saying: "Hey, listen you guys!"

MARY COLQUHOUN

1960 - 1963, 1967 - 1969

Caister

"*A twinkle in her eye fortells her disposition.*"

Mary is a loyal member of the choir and the Social Service Club. Her majors are History, Math, Geography and Literature. Her future plans are to return to England, she hopes.

Ambition: Fly my own plane.

Probable Destiny: Flying Charlie Brown kites.

Pet Peeve: False English accents.

Favourite Saying: "Really."

MARGOT CROIL DYER

1964 - 1969

Walsingham

I'll always smile and sometimes chatter too.

Maggie was a very active member of the school basketball team earning her colours this year. She also played on her house basketball, and hockey teams. Her majors are Math, French and Biology. She is a member of the U.N. and French Clubs. Maggie plans to think about things in the future.

Ambition: To know her ambition.

Probable Destiny: Never knowing.

Pet Peeve: Not knowing things.

Favourite Saying: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, are you plane or parabolic?"

GILLIAN JUDITH EDWARDS
1959 - 1969
Dereham

I'm in complete control —
It's the situation that's out of hand!

Gill's majors this year are Literature, French, Math, and Art. She takes an active part in our senior choir and enjoys playing hockey for her house. She belongs to both the Spanish and French Clubs and has been a faithful member of both. Gill's plans for the future are to become a hairdresser or a kindergarten teacher.

Ambition: To live in the country and raise animals.
Probable Destiny: Living in the city and raising humans.
Pet Peeve: Blonde guys with blue eyes.
Favourite Saying: "Was it ever funny!"

KAREN LOUISE FALDER
1965 - 1969
Wymondham

"*Defer not till tomorrow to be wise,*
Tomorrow's sun may never rise."

Karen has had a busy year filled with senior choir and her many club activities, which include French Club, Spanish Club and U.N. Club. She has chosen History, Literature and French as her majors. In the future Karen's plans will include UVic or perhaps a University in Quebec at which she will study to become a radio or T.V. broadcaster, or even a journalist.

Probable Destiny: Second-rate writer for True Confession magazine.
Pet Peeve: Big cars that are impossible to parallel park.
Favourite Saying: "Well, I'm grounded again."

GAIL ELIZABETH FULLER
1967 - 1969
Dereham

Education is one of the penalties of civilization.

Gail's majors are History and Literature. She plays for her house hockey team and basketball team and sings for her house choir. She participates in the senior choir and is a loyal member of the Spanish and Social Service Clubs. Gail would like to become an elementary teacher.

Ambition: To own a ranch and raise horses.
Probable Destiny: Babysitting and mucking out stalls.
Pet Peeve: The way school days melt into one.
Favourite Saying: "We shall see."

FIONA STEWART GOW
1968 - 1969
Caister

A new broom sweeps clean.

Fiona was very active this year in many clubs which include United Nations, Spanish, French, and Red Cross. She participated enthusiastically in senior drama. Among her majors are History, Literature and French. Fiona's future plans are for UVic or Queen's in Belfast (if it's still there).

Ambition: Undecided.
Probable Destiny: Career Counsellor.
Pet Peeve: 9:00 a.m. Monday through 4:00 p.m. Friday

BARBARA ELIZABETH HARRIS
1957 - 1969
Wymondham

A hidden danger?

As Prefect and Wymondham House Captain, Barbie led a very active life this school year. She played hockey, basketball, and tennis for her house and hockey for the First XI for which she earned her colours. She has been a dedicated member of the Library Committee and U.N. Club. In the near future Barbie would like to go to U.B.C. or to travel in Europe.

Ambition: To be a part-time vet/ski instructor.
Probable Destiny: Dog-walking in Banff.
Pet Peeve: People who talk in the library.
Favourite Saying: "What a bummer."

GRANIA NICOLA LEAROYD
1959 - 1969
Walsingham

I seek higher things, a higher life.

Grania's majors are Literature, French, Math and Biology. She is a member of her house tennis and track teams and her house choir. She is also interested in the U.N. and French Clubs. After school she plans to go to Europe and then on to university.

Ambition: To travel.
Probable Destiny: Travelling!
Pet Peeve: Work!
Favourite Saying: "Tennis anyone?"

MONICA KATHLEEN MADDOCK
1963 - 1969
Dereham

Why should the Devil have all the fun?

Kathy, as well as offering leadership as a prefect, has done an excellent job in providing leadership for her house, Dereham, as house captain. She plays house hockey, basketball, tennis and track. She also plays hockey for the second XI school team and is on the school track team. She enjoys singing on the senior choir. Kathy is the president of the U.N. Club and is a member of the Social Service Club. She intends to attend UVic for a year, then "to travel".

Ambition: Physical Education teacher.
Probable Destiny: Polishing runners and washing gym strip.
Pet Peeve: Crooked noses.
Favourite Saying: "Yeah man!"

ETELKA ROSE MURDOCH
1957 - 1967, 1968 - 1969
Walsingham

"*Don't pay any attention to me*
I never listen to what I say."

Etelka came to Norfolk in 1957 missing one year in 1967 when she was in Europe. Her majors are Literature, History and French. A lively and enthusiastic member of Walsingham, she sang in her house choir. Etelka represented Norfolk on the debating team. She became the first president of a successful Spanish club, also participating in the French Club and the United Nations. Her future plans are to have a fantastic summer at the University of Mexico.

Ambition: Public Relations.
Probable Destiny: Jetsetting in ??? with ???
Pet Peeve: Peasants and ski instructors.
Favourite Saying: "How common."

TAMARA VLASTA MURDOCH
1957 - 1967, 1968 - 1969
Walsingham

"*So what's the use of worrying, it never was worthwhile*
So — smile, smile, smile."

Tammy who spent 1967 at school in Europe has had a very busy school year, helping Spanish 11 do their homework! Tammy's majors are French, Spanish, and Literature. She has been an active member of the U.N., French, and the newly-formed Spanish Clubs, also the Walsingham choir. Tam plans to spend this summer at the University of Mexico and UVic in the fall. Her ambition is to become a social worker.

Probable Destiny: Social convener on a European luxury liner.
Pet Peeve: Short nails.
Favourite Saying: "Oh Etelka!"

HELEN LEIGHTON OHRT
1957 - 1969
Wymondham

"If you don't understand it, oppose it."

Helen has been a school prefect, and an active member of the school choir, and the U.N. Club. She was editor of last year's "Norfolk Lore". Her majors include Math, Chemistry, Biology, Literature and History. Her future plans are to go to U.B.C. ("If they'll have me") and buy a "Doon Buggy" — and maybe go to Berkley.

Ambition: To be a paleontologist.

Probable Destiny: A fossil.

Pet Peeve: Being obviously non-athletic.

Favourite Saying: "Wait for me!! you guys."

KATHERINE ANN QUINN
1964 - 1969
Caister

Look out, world, here I come!

Kathy is a school prefect. She is President of the Social Service, a United Nations Club member, and sings in the senior choir. She plays actively on the second hockey team, and is also on the track team (last year and, hopefully, this year!). She is involved in house hockey, basketball, tennis and track, and belongs to her house choir. Her majors are French, Literature, and Geography. She plans to attend the University of Colorado.

Ambition: Maybe to fly the friendly skies of United.

Probable Destiny: Ground crew in overalls.

Pet Peeve: Not having feet that touch the ground when sitting in her desk.

Favourite Saying: "Blitch!"

KARIN ROSEMARIE SARTORIUS
Walsingham
1964 - 1969

Good things come in small packages. I'm an exception.

Karin, a prefect this year, is majoring in German, French and Math. She was a very able captain of the school basketball team and has her colours. She also played on her house hockey and basketball teams and sings for her house choir. Karin is a member of the U.N., Spanish, French, Red Cross, Social Service and Library Clubs and has got her Library colours. In the future Karin plans to attend UVic for a year and then go to a fashion merchandise school in Portland.

Ambition: To travel.

Probable Destiny: Bus driver.

Pet Peeve: "Always!"

Favourite Saying: "You people always make fun of me."

CATHERINE SMITH
1965 - 1969
Wymondham

One of these days, I'll surprise you all!

An enthusiastic member of Wymondham, Cathy enjoys singing in the senior choir and also is an interested member of our school Social Service Club. Her majors are Geography, History and Literature. She plans to spend one year at UVic then, travel and "enjoy the finer things in life".

Ambition: To become a sky diver.
Probable Destiny: Jumping off tall buildings!
Pet Peeve: Tuesdays!
Favourite Saying: "Well — what shall we do this Saturday night"

SHARON IRENE STAPELLS
1963 - 1969
Caister

Storm in a teacup.

Sherrie is the captain of Caister this year and did a marvellous job in the house pie eating contest. She was a member of her house hockey, basketball, tennis and track teams this year and also played on the school second XI in hockey. Her majors are: Literature, History, Spanish and Drama. Sherrie is an executive in the Spanish Club and also belongs to the U.N., Social Service, Red Cross Clubs and senior choir. Her future plans include UVic for one year and then "off to see the wizard!"

Ambition: To be an undercover agent.
Probable Destiny: Peeping Tom.
Pet Peeve: Giants.
Favourite Saying: "Let's do a little soft shoe!"

DEBORAH ANN TODD
1958 - 1969
Caister

"*Although she's quiet you can never tell*
Outside of school she might raise . . . flowers!"

Debbie has been an active member of Caister's basketball, tennis and track teams and plays an important part in our senior art classes. Her majors are Physics, Math, Art, Literature, and Geography. In the future Debbie plans to attend art school in Italy.

Ambition: Undecided as yet.
Probable Destiny: Janitor in the Louvre.
Pet Peeve: Afternoon school.
Favourite Saying: "—".

MARY ELIZABETH DIANE WEBB
1964 - 1969
Wymondham

Today's problems don't give me any trouble,
I'm still working on yesterday's.

As a prefect, Liz has participated in many activities in school life. She was a member of the school hockey team and played on her house basketball and hockey teams. Her majors this year are Geography, History, Literature, Biology and Math. Liz is a member of the U.N., Social Service, Red Cross and senior choir. She plans to go into the Education Faculty at UVic.

Ambition: Become a secondary school teacher.
Probable Destiny: Sheep herder in Metchosin.
Pet Peeve: Rude remarks about my yogurt.
Favourite Saying: 'After the revolution."

The Houses

Red Purple Yellow and Blue will sing a song for you

Red stands for Caister
Who's full of will and power
But when they lose there's no BOO HOO's
They just try harder next time.

Purple stands for Walsingham
A good and grateful house
Who'll fight against Red Yellow and Blue
Till the fighting's through.

Yellow stands for Wymondham
As noble as a kingdom
The mascot is a bear
Which shows they're always there
In case you need their care.

Blue stands for Dereham
The house that I am in
I like my house very much
And I do hope it wins.

Vicki Kendrick
Grade IV

Sports Day 1968

Grade 1 — 25-Yard Dash ..... Gail Wolcock, Wym.
Grades 2, 3 — 80-Yard Dash ..... Briony Penn, Cais.
Grades 3, 4, 5 — Wheelbarrow ..... Lisa Stone and Jennifer Reynolds, Wals.
Grades 3, 4, 5 — 3-Legged Race ..... Janice Reagan, Dere.
Grade 1 — Sack Race ..... Janet Empey, Cais.
Grades 5, 6 — 440-Yard Dash ..... Lisa Stone, Wals.
Grade 6 — 100-Yard Dash ..... Cynthia le Houquet, Dere.
Junior Long Jump ..... Sherri Smith, Cais.
Junior High Jump ..... Barbara Bolli, Wals.
Junior 100-Yard Dash ..... Deborah Bedford, Wym.
Junior 220-Yard Dash ..... Andrea Straith, Cais.
Junior Hurdles ..... Heather Dunbar, Cais.
Junior Ball Throw ..... Shelly Simons, Dere.
Intermediate Long Jump ..... Nancy Russell, Cais.
Intermediate High Jump ..... Nancy Russell, Cais.
Intermediate 100-Yard Dash ..... Sarah Angus, Wals.
Intermediate 220-Yard Dash ..... Sarah Angus, Wals.
Intermediate 880-Yard Dash ..... Jill Boyd, Wym.
Intermediate Hurdles ..... Penny Allen, Cais.
Intermediate Discus ..... Sarah Angus, Wals.
Senior Long Jump ..... Caroline Penn, Cais.
Senior High Jump ..... Madeleine Groos, Wym.
Senior 100-Yard Dash ..... Laura Cameron, Wym.
Senior 220-Yard Dash ..... Laura Cameron, Wym.
Senior 880-Yard Dash ..... Virginia Rogers, Dere.
Senior Hurdles ..... Patti McAfee, Wym.
Senior Javelin ..... Virginia Rogers, Dere.
Senior Shotput ..... Anna Rochfort, Wals.
Slow Bicycle ..... Lisa Stone, Wals.
Senior Medley Relay ..... Wymondham
Intermediate 440 Relay ..... Wymondham
Junior 440 Relay ..... Walsingham

Totals: Walsingham 139
Wymondham 138
Caister 129
Dereham 111

FIRST ELEVEN SENIOR

Back row, left to right: S. Angus, E. Webb, S. Chaworth-Musters, B. Bolli.
Middle row: Mrs. Hawkins (coach), A. Poulton, J. Boyd, R. Spicer, L. Ker.
Front row: G. Stirling, L. Cameron, C. Penn, B. Harris, M-A. Leyden.

SECOND ELEVEN SENIOR

Back row, left to right: D. Mills, V. Coombes.
Middle row: J. Angus, S. Stapells, R. Napier, P. Temple, L. Ker, T. Gladwell.
Front row: R. Dunbar, N. Russell, C. Quinn, K. Maddock, H. Dunbar.

Vancouver Island Field Hockey Tournament

The Vancouver Island Tournament was held on October 26 at Lansdowne. The morning games scores were:

Norfolk House vs. Esquimalt	1-0
Norfolk House vs. Courtenay	3-0
Norfolk House vs. St. Margaret's	0-1
Norfolk House vs. Claremont	2-0

This led us to the semi-finals.

Norfolk House vs. Queen Margaret's	1-0

This win put us against Oak Bay in the Finals. There was no score during the game nor in almost half an hour overtime. Therefore, Norfolk House shares the title of Vancouver Island Field Hockey Champions with Oak Bay High School this year.

B.C. School Field Hockey Tournament

On the afternoon of October 31, the Norfolk House Team and Mrs. Hawkins left for Abbotsford, site of the 1968 tournament.

The results of Friday's games were:

Norfolk House vs. Winston Churchill	3-1
Norfolk House vs. Abbotsford	2-0
Norfolk House vs. Winfield	3-0

There was a very useful and interesting clinic in the afternoon.

Saturday morning, cold, wet and muddy, we lost to St. Margaret's.

Norfolk House vs. St. Margaret's	0-1
Norfolk House vs. Kelowna	1-0
Norfolk House vs. Winston Churchill	2-0

Our final position in the tournament was winner of the "Other End of the Championship Flight."

The team would like to extend its thanks to our great Coach, Mrs. Hawkins, and congratulate the winner, Crofton House.

The Senior Bridgman Cup 1968

On November 16, true to fashion, the day of the Bridgman arrived cold and windy. We lost our first game to Oak Bay 1-0, however we won the next games against Claremont 2-0, Lansdowne 2-0, and Q.M.S. 3-0. Second in our section we qualified for the semi-finals where we met Crofton and defeated them 1-0. We were a determined team when we met Oak Bay in the finals. After a very hard and exciting game we drew 0-0 and shared the trophy.

Junior Bridgman

Unfortunately the bad weather at the beginning of the term hampered practices but the team still worked hard. On the only date available for the tournament it rained and the tournament had to be cancelled which was a great disappointment to the hard-working team.

First XI — Senior Hockey Team

LESLEY KERR: Lesley has played steadily and with determination throughout the season. What she lacked in experience she made up for in enthusiasm. Lesley must aim for better control of feet and to rely on her own judgment during a game.

BARBARA BOLLI: Barb has much potential and will develop into an excellent and valuable player. However, Barb must attain a greater emotional stability and self-confidence during a game.

MARGARET ANN LEYDEN: Margaret Anne has a lot of power in her drives and quick reflexes which makes her a very useful defensive player. However, complete commitment when tackling is often a dangerous tactic and Margaret Anne should work towards better balance and body control to ensure all round mobility.

SUSAN CHAWORTH MUSTERS: Sue has a good eye for the ball and could develop into an excellent player. Stamina, ability and enthusiasm during the game are also never lacking, but to make real progress one has to practice as well as play!

ANN POULTON: Ann played a strong attacking game and was a keen and reliable member of the first XI. Good positioning and an effective push stroke enabled Ann to produce consistently a well balanced game although she was sometimes a little slow in recovering after a spate of attacking fervour!

JILL BOYD: Jill's capacity for work is probably higher than that of the rest of the team combined! A speedy and outstanding left half, she adapted well to centre half although I feel that her distribution was not as good in this position. Her effectiveness in coming through as an extra forward was proved many times during the season and this should be further developed, perhaps as a 4-2-4 defence basis.

SARAH ANGUS: Sarah's speed and tackling ability makes her a valuable half and tenacious player. Potentially she shows great promise but must not let her desire to win affect her high standard of play. She should channel this aggression — a necessary attribute to any games player of quality, into a more positive contribution to the team!

ROBIN SPICER: Robin proved herself a great asset to the team providing the spark to the forward line which the "old-timers" at intervals seemed to have lost! Her speed and determination on the ball outweighed Robin's sometimes erratic stickwork which often resulted from lack of confidence and a stubborn determination not to believe in her own ability!

GAIL STIRLING: Gail began the season showing tremendous improvement but later showed signs of lacking confidence, particularly in going for the ball. Gail has the capacity to become an excellent player, shows good stick-handling ability and clear judgment, but not being fleet of foot, needs some kind of stimulus to make her move!

CAROLINE PENN: (*Captain*) Caroline's quiet determination to achieve the high standard of game which she set herself was an example to the other players. A perfectionist, but first and foremost a team player, she found it difficult to remember that in the circle it is often wiser to shoot than pass the ball. Both in attack and defence, she is an exciting player to watch and has still not reached the limit of her potential.

BARBIE HARRIS: Barbie was a tremendous asset to the team throughout the season. Her consistently excellent play and stability had a tremendously steadying effect on the sometimes erratic forwards. She also provided a very useful link with the defence and was often to be seen attacking back to give a hand. She should make a very valuable club player.

ELIZABETH WEBB: Elizabeth had a fairly successful season although at times found the going tough. Her stickwork promises much — with practice, but at present her game is limited by her lack of speed and mobility.

LAURA CAMERON: Laura throughout the season produced play of her usual high standard. An individual player, her game was well-balanced though sometimes erratic in front of goal. Speed was her big asset, although this season she did not mature into the player of excellence that last season had promised.

Second Eleven

This year our Second Eleven team was not entered in the Bridgman and had few games. However, they practised faithfully with the First Eleven.

Overman Trophy Matches

TENNIS 1968

Norfolk House and St. Margaret's each won three of the six tennis matches. The hockey had been won by Norfolk and the basketball by St. Margaret's therefore tying the Overman Trophy for the 1967 - 1968 year.

HOCKEY 1968 - 1969

The first game was a 2-2 draw and the second was won by Norfolk House 5-1. The win gave Norfolk House the points for the Hockey section.

BASKETBALL 1969

For the first time in many years Norfolk House won a game against St. Margaret's, 24-10. The second game brought victory to St. Margaret's 17-16, tying the points.

LITTLE BRIDGMAN HOCKEY TEAM

Back row, left to right: R. McKenzie, M-A. Robertson, A. Nasmyth, B. Bolli.
Middle row: H. Fowler, T. Gladwell, R. Rayfuse.
Front row: H. Dunbar, P. Temple, L. Ker, S. Rogers, S. McDonald.

BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right: Mrs. Watton (coach), V. Coombes, L. Ker, L. Cameron, J. Buckle, P. Temple.

Front row: H. Ohrt (scorer), C. Penn, M. Dyer, M. Bigelow, K. Sartorius, J. Brock, S. Angus, J. Boyd, B. Harris (timer).

Basketball 1968 - 69

KARIN SARTORIUS: Colours 1967 - 68. As captain of the basketball team, Karin provided a good example, always turning out to practices, striving for fitness and perfection of all the skills. She played a determined game at the Round Robin able to attack and defend consistently.

JILL BROCK: Colours 1967 - 68. Jill could be relied on to dribble and attack with energy. Better positioning would have produced more pleasing results.

LAURA CAMERON: Colours 1967 - 68. Laura is fleet of foot and accurate in passing; however more use of rehearsed positioning would have improved her game.

MAGGIE DYER: Colours 1968 - 69. Maggie should be named "player of the year" — she never let up in her defence and displayed all the "terrier like" qualities of a really good defence player. With good reason she earned her colours this season.

SARAH ANGUS: Sarah will no doubt be applying for a position with the "Harlem Globetrotters" as soon as she has perfected more of her fancy moves! When Sarah improves her footwork she will be a valuable defensive player.

CAROLINE PENN: Caroline worked hard to learn the game which was new to her; she was a willing team member and could be counted on at all times.

JILL BOYD: Jill's excellent physical condition places her high on the list of potentially first rate players; however more practice in ball handling and shooting is still required.

MARGARET BIGELOW: As Team Manager and substitute, Margaret was a useful team member. The baskets she scored during the match against Q.M.S. at the Round Robin gave us the edge we needed to win!

JANE BUCKLE: Jane was a willing substitute ready and available at all times. Better positioning would make up for lack of speed.

LESLIE KERR: Leslie worked hard to learn the game and should be a valuable team member next year.

PAM TEMPLE: Pam will be a good ball player next year when she has mastered the required skills.

VANESSA COOMBES: Vanessa plays a steady game and will be a valuable team member next year. She should strive to improve footwork and positioning.

COACH'S MEMO: In spite of bad weather which interfered with practice matches, this year's team worked hard. On the whole more pleasing results could have been attained if there had been more use made of positioning and teamwork. The winning of the First Overman match was very stimulating. On to victory next season!

TENNIS TEAM
R. Mackenzie, L. Ker.
J. Boyd, B. Cunningham.

BADMINTON TEAM
K. Gibson, L. Ker.
J. Boyd, B. Cunningham, A. Poulton.
Absent: R. Dunbar.

Basketball Round Robin 1969

The tournament was hosted by York House and held at UBC's Memorial Gym. The competing schools were Crofton House, York House, Queens Hall, St. Margaret's, Strathcona Lodge, Norfolk House, and for the first time, Queen Margaret's. On Friday night we played Crofton who were the victors 19-10. Next morning we played Queen's Hall and won 20-8. Later we met York House and lost 26-17. After a delicious box lunch we played Queen Margaret's and won 24-10.

The weekend finished with the following results: :

1. Crofton House
2. York House
3. Strathcona Lodge, St. Margaret's and Norfolk House.
4. Queen's Hall
5. Queen Margaret's

The team wishes to extend their thanks to Mrs. Watton and Mrs. Hawkins for their long hours of hard work and to Margaret Bigelow, this year's team manager for always looking after our needs.

Congratulations to Maggie Dyer for winning her basketball colours.

Crofton Track Meet 1968

Open Hurdles	1st, Jill Boyd
Open 220-Yard	2nd, Sarah Angus
Senior 100-Yard	3rd, Laura Cameron; 4th, Caroline Penn
Senior High Jump	2nd, Madeleine Groos
Senior Broad Jump	2nd, Caroline Penn
Senior Relay	2nd, Norfolk House
Intermediate 60-Yard	4th, Brenda Cunningham
Intermediate High Jump	1st, Nancy Russell
Intermediate Broad Jump	1st, Nancy Russell
Intermediate Relay	2nd, Norfolk House
Junior 60-Yard	1st, Sherri Smith
Junior Broad Jump	1st, Sherri Smith
Junior Relay	3rd, Norfolk House

Final Standings:

1.	Crofton House	277
2.	Norfolk House	169
3.	York House	134
4.	Queen Margaret's	112
5.	St. Margaret's	86
6.	Strathcona Lodge	50
7.	Queen's Hall	26
8.	Convent of the Sacred Heart	0

The Toil

Like a small and very Chinese coolie
I ply the docks and wedge aside the air.
Behind my back I drag a load I cannot fathom:
White and cold and ugly eyes — I will not watch.
Through my feet, my arms, my straining spine
I feel the load; that is enough, for I can tell
The shape, the weight — the eyes.
And like the coolie I can drop the shafts
And watch the pudgy man-and-cart
Roll screaming, sweating, down the hill.
But act takes thought — once smashed, for me,
There is no later hope to watch those glaring eyes.
So
In the time between right now and then,
Whenever that may be, I drag the load
And feel its person sliding down upon my tracks.
(It does not need to think to wipe them out).
But in the now the wheels will help,
The words I leave despite the cart that plunges on.
And when I finally cease, oh, yet another
Will be found to clench the shafts
And think what honour — pulling white obesity;
Perhaps he will not notice
Small red flowers
I have used to decorate the grips,
The tiny brilliants that still keep me at my toil.

Helen Ohrt
Grade XII

I Have Something to Say

I am a man of the year 1980, and I must tell you why I have become so sad and despondent a person. If you can hear my plea, be it a solitary character or an entire nation, heed my words. For if they are able to reach far enough into the past I may be a little happier in the belief that I was able to halt the wheels of change. But then I cannot be sure that this is humanly possible.

You who are always searching for faster and more efficient procedures in production; you must hear me. Dampen your pride of progress, and for once consider tomorrow's results of your achievements. You must never forfeit your foresight. I remember: I was younger and I was glad that machines could aid me in my work. I could see that many jobs were vacated, but at the time this was not a problem. Automation was of benefit to the forever accelerating treadmills of world production. If you could only realize the disastrous effect which this has had upon us today. I see the young students with their degrees lost and wandering; for there are no jobs for many of them. I could only begin to suggest how well they may occupy their lifetimes usefully.

Computers became very important in organizing complex and flawless space flights, lunar landings, whole manufacturing processes, in organizing the common business. But I have seen these same computers create such harm and distress. For they lack sympathy. Remember that they are machines, that they function through logic: and avoid programming their cold insensitive innards with the nutrients which may build conflict. You can probably see these underlying dangers of computerization in some of your factories. Having organized the production of certain household instruments and machines entirely by computer, you cannot suspend the process. Instead it is doomed to operate for several months, until its program is completed.

I remember, also, working in a factory. There were machines, some, but we were still needed to handle the products in their various stages of manufacture. Even then, I became unhappy. For I could reflect upon the time of craftsmen, the joy they must have experienced upon finishing something which they had created solely by themselves: and I realized how very little I could know this satisfaction in pride; that my role had become, instead, that of filling in a link of ten thousand along the production line. Our few artists today are alone in experiencing pride in their work . . . a true pride which is derived from hard and long work. Think upon this: A mass of workers will live and have knowledge of such a small integral part of the entire whole. Surely this drains a man of his sense of achievement? He will have to discover another field of activity in which he experiences this joy of uniting several parts, himself, to create a whole.

Do you know, however, what makes me most unhappy? We have become automated to such a degree in the 1980's, that most of us work only for a short time each day. It is essential then, that we have something with which we can entertain ourselves. Be wary, now. Do not allow yourselves to be entertained. Instead learn to entertain yourself, and wherever possible to involve yourself with other people. Our education system has instilled in us laws of science, religion, philosophy; but in the stress it laid upon the academic achieving, it neglected the all important physical application. The

younger people of my time seem to be faring better than I. It is well that you encourage them to find out as much as they can about living, as well as continuing their studies. Teach them to create variety. Involve them in life, and let them be involved.

We older ones are finding that reality, more and more, is eluding us. Reality is eluding us? But can you not foresee? We have complex machines which transport us, accomplish those menial tasks of which you perhaps unwisely grumble, machines that even store knowledge, that think for us. Do you understand where this must lead us? Learn now all of you, to value your senses, your important connections with that which is around you. For our connections are becoming unreal; reality can be reached through buttons, wires, and machines. So never lose your ability to experience!

With so much time for leisure, as you call it, I find that I am in more contact with men, here in the year 1980. It is very vital, then, that you overcome your suspicions, and learn to live with and not against, man. You must have (and I have suffered much on this account) sympathy and understanding toward many more aspects of life. To be isolated is something which I dread more, I think, than death. Therefore learn now, not to commit yourself to a narrow path; to exclude others is to truly suffer.

Perhaps this trend is irreversible, and my warning will either bounce from deafened ears or arrive too late to be heeded. If so, I commend myself to what must be known only to us . . . the miserable inheritors of cursed automation.

Caroline Penn
Grade XII

Unsought

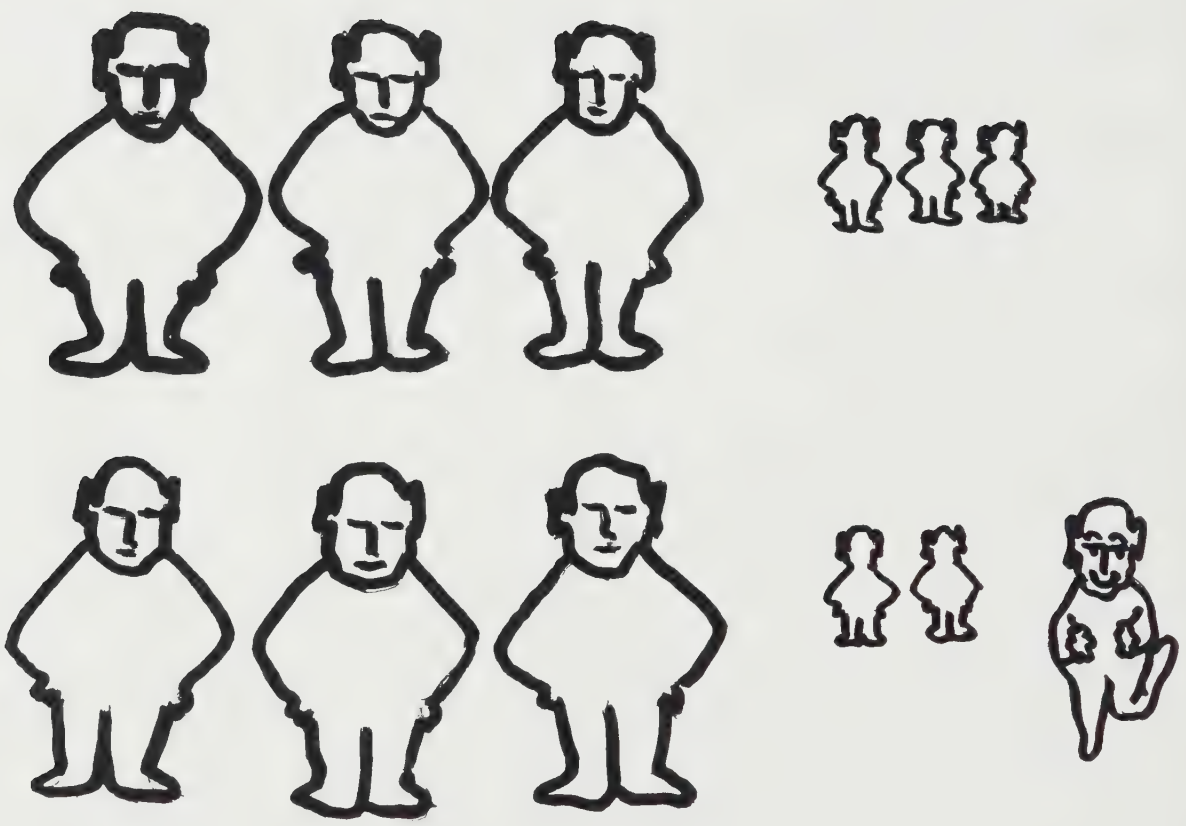
Within the depths of my mind,
I feel a twinge
which I do not understand
Like the sun's shine.
Who will have known of its truth;
Should I inquire?
Or leave it to have its way.
Far out of reach
Is the answer to be found;
As if a coin
Found, but not by the owner.
Disregard it,
For it shall have no meaning.
I disbelieve.

Susan Hannam
Grade XII

One Came Back

If three went away and no one came back
I would be sad.
If four went away and none came back
That would be worse.
Then again, if four went away and they all
came back . . . but that would never happen.
So really, when you think that three went away
and one came back, that's not too bad.
No one has ever come back before,
so this is progress; the return of one.

S. Angus
J. Andreae
Grade X



"May the Best Man Win"

All was silent. Not even the leaves dared to whisper as the two combatants circled slowly around each other, looking for a weak spot to dive in and finish the other. This was a fight to the death. They had no weapons, only their bare fists and agility. There was no audience, no referee, no loved ones, just the two men.

Glistening beads of perspiration broke out on their foreheads. The moon was shining brightly, but a dark cloud was lurking closer and closer. Neither of the men noticed. Suddenly, the cloud covered the moon. There was a dull thud as one of the men hit the ground. One of them suppressed a grunt as he was lifted bodily into the air and thrown to the ground. The other was on top of him. Over and over they rolled. But as they slowed down, there was only the sound of one man breathing.

As the moon came out from behind the cloud, it showed a tragic scene on the dew-dampened grass. One lonely man lay still on the ground, bruised, bleeding, and dead. His victor stood over him, looking down at the still, white form. In his world it was "kill or be killed" . . . and "may the best man win."

Brenda Cunningham
Grade XII

Joe Valachi at a Senate Hearing

The man in the flowered tie sat back on the edge
Of his chair; the mouth beneath the bristling head
Was spitting venom for his equally close-cropped colleagues
Who had tried to pinch out that life like a flea, between thumb
And nail, caught crawling in cracks in grey cell walls,
Out of sight but a future nuisance, like an itch-waiting.
So he spat and they listened, behind dark suits and pencils, hoping
To crack the larger fleas, the ones that make welts
That call attention to poverty and filth with their own
Blood-bloated bodies. He coughed up the bile and everyone
Listened but no one thought how strange it was
That a man in a tie with little dark daisies spattered
On weak pastel had spattered the brains of his cage-mate
On grey cement so that now he could sing revenge.

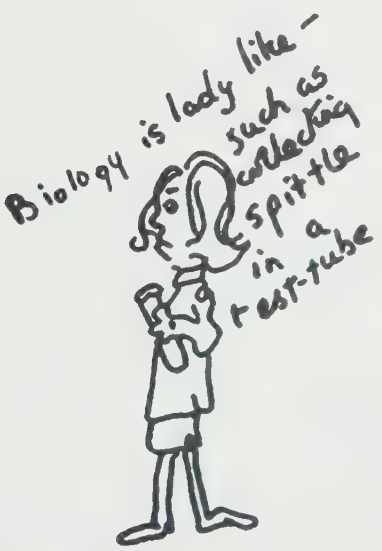
Helen Ohrt
Grade XII

Imagination and Reality

The rhythm bears me along,
Te clacketa clacketa:
We speed over the rails.
The train is leaving for
London.
As we jolt on our way,
I can't help reflecting
That perhaps the
world is not there.
Are we whirling
in a black tube of
emptiness?
Is the scenery
an opaque strip of film,
being rolled
past the windows?
An illusion?
If the train came to a halt,
would the machine stop
turning? Would we step
down beyond
the surface picture
into . . .
into . . .
nothing?
Impossible
to imagine
nothing.
No life? No being?
Not even black.
We always believe
nothing
to be black.
But . . .
Then why are things?
What is life?
Perhaps if we did not think
of our environment, it would
disappear.
Many organisms
vanish
when we cease to notice them.
Isn't there an old saying
that we are
alive after
death,
until the last
person that remembers us
dies?

So if we forgot the world,
the teeming humanity,
smoke,
black buildings,
the very air,
would they not exist?
Would we exist?
The train grinds to a
stop.
"Clapham Junction!"
I must get off . . . to see . . .
to make sure . . .
Yes, terra firma.
The third dimension of
common sense.
It was
missing . . .
As we flashed past,
the scene whirred so quickly
that it was a meaningless blur.
Now it is solid, comforting.
Real rocks and soil . . .
Earth! What superstitious fancies
led me to believe
in a lampblack
void?
Laughable!
Our familiar, busy
dependable existence!
Of course,
up
I never look
to the
atomic cloud.

Kathie Gibson
Grade XI



Beyond the Strait

Henry Jackson was a native islander. All his life he had dwelt near the ocean, parasitically leaching an existence from it. He had been born in a one-roomed, worm-rotted shack a few yards above high water mark; the sands had been his back yard and his world. From the closeness of the reserve schoolhouse he escaped to it each evening during the years of learning. Later, as a fisherman plying the coast day and night, it had provided his livelihood. Now, old and wrinkled, he walked the same strip of beach with his grandchildren, and captivated them with tales of the valiant years. These tales were of events, which although they had taken place long before his own recollection, were passed down in vivid detail from grandfather to grandson, to be reseeded and reharvested yearly lest they be forgotten.

Henry loved the beach. As a boy he had played with his friends along its length. Together they had recreated the years of the long house, the totem pole, and the bow and arrow. When he became too old for games and too wise to try and give rebirth to the past, he found comfort just sitting and looking out to sea.

He would sit on one of the logs washed in by the ocean, and dream. When night came and stars shone above his head, he listened to the thunder of the waves as the wind flung them against the shore. The same wind, screaming its ageless battle cry, battered and hammered his body, matted his hair and took his breath. This was his purgatory, punishing and cleansing. Each icy stab carried courage, strength and peace. Each shaky breath drawn from his weary body bore with it the fear, weakness and terror of old age. The Henry Jackson who walked back home after his communion with the elements was somehow fortified and filled with the world's wisdom.

For Henry as for Dante, purgatory was bearable because it was followed by paradise. He could not explain the ecstasy awakened in him by the twinkling lights below the mountains across the bay. They meant more to him than the mighty Manitou of his own people. They were his ultimate goal, illuming the skyline with alluring brightness. Each light was a beacon for a weary traveller; each shadow held a promise of peace. Henry had a thousand dreams in his head, a thousand plans in his mind as he gazed across the water. On that far shore were all the people he had known in his youth. Over there the fishing was always good; the hunter never returned empty handed; hunger was unknown and the blizzard never blew. The wind no longer bothered him as it served as the intermediary between himself and his dream.

As the years passed, Henry continued to seek refuge at the edge of the ocean. It was his church, and always as he received nature's benediction at the altar of the sea, he would gaze beyond into glimmering eternity.

With every fresh wrinkle that etched itself into the intricate pattern of his face, and with every new knot in his worn hands, the lights of heaven seemed to Henry, much closer. With each new strand of white that appeared in his dark black crop of hair like the winter snow that softens the harshness of the dying, the brightness of the lights increased.

Every night from his sanctuary, Henry would stare at the horizon, to return home with wondrous tales of men in brilliant white, of a throne of

silver and gold, and of a great chief seated on the throne, surrounded by beauty and brilliance. The old man's eyes would sparkle with a strange lustre as he spoke of what he had seen from his sea-shore cathedral.

One night Henry failed to return and his son was sent to find him. Purposefully, James made his way through the swaying trees towards the water. He had just emerged from the forest into the brush that lined the beach when he stopped short. The old man was staggering to his feet. Uncertainly, like a baby, he shuffled his way to the water's edge. Arms outstretched before the ripping wind, he shouted something over the booming surf, then staggered forward and fell.

By the time his son reached him, Henry was dead. Gently James turned over his father's body. As he did so he was struck by the look on his face. It seemed both eager and contented. Looking up, the son searched the skyline for whatever it was that had, only a few seconds before, held his father spellbound. All that met his eyes was the halo from the twinkling neon lights of the city across the strait.

Karen Falder
Grade XII

Karen won a Regional Merit Award of $100.00 for this essay in The Canada Permanent Student Writing Contest.

The Dark and The Light

rain
splash
upon
rooftops
pattering
in
soft
mounds
of
earth
reigning
in
the
Black
night
rain
on
a
Black
night.

soft
light
filtering
smoothly
through
charteuse
summer
leaves
playing
gently
on
delicate
silver
strands
of
cobwebs.

Kathy McGee and Janet Andreae
Grade X

The Lonely Road

Every day, without fail, an undernourished boy could be seen walking along a lonely road carrying school books folded under an arm. The boy, Fernando Maltez by name, lived with his aging parents and a younger brother and sister in a four-room house outside Montevideo in Argentina. He was much smaller than other children at the age of ten and wore the simplest of clothing reinforced here and there by patches of hide. This lack of clothing and food was because of unsuccessful attempts made by his father at growing wheat and corn and trying to raise some livestock. These were all completely hopeless because of the bad soil foundation of the farm which made grain growing impossible.

So it was then, that Fernando was considerably poorer than the other children at his school which he attended six days a week. But this lack of funds did not hinder Fernando's ideas for his own future in the slightest. He held great ideals and one he grasped hold of and did not let go as his father had done. He was inspired by his father's blunders in primitive fixed agriculture and also by the lonely road which he trod upon each morning, afternoon and evening.

On one particular morning, Fernando was in lower spirits than usual for he had just received news that his father had had no luck in selling his withered produce in the markets of Montevideo the day before and now the situation of food distribution and clothing were even worse for the family. He set out on his way to school along the lonely road and walked slower than his usual quick pace. He was thinking hard. He knew that as he became older, more and more responsibility was to be laid on him by his family to watch them and give them enough food to keep them alive. Then, it struck him, his idea concerning his future. He raised his head very slowly and looked along each side of the road at its parched grasses waving in a sea of movements. He transformed them into canvasses shading people bustling about and rows upon rows of stands holding a maze of produce such as Fernando had never dreamed of seeing before. Then, returning to reality, he gave a joyous leap into the air and raced along the road towards the school!

Ten years later, this dream of Fernando's materialized. He owned one of the largest and most prosperous produce markets in Argentina. People travelled from all parts of South America just to buy or sell goods at his market. Fernando Maltez was never hungry or lacked clothing again in his life because of willpower to not make the saying "like father like son" hold true. As a result of his travels down the lonely road Fernando's dream came true.

Jennifer Angus
Grade X

Orlando

A ball of orange and white.
Writhing under fences
Stretching over fences
With paws like cottonwool
Eyes like fire,
Grass green.
Always alert. Always alive.
You see him, then you don't.
After birds and mice.
In the grass he slithers
Toward his prey
Now he stops and growls.
Up go his ears as he listens
For another movement in the grass.
He's gone again.
His day is over.
Into the warm house he goes.
Now alive. Now asleep.

Marina Allen
Grade 9S

The Seller in The Street

As she walks through the streets
Selling her wares,
Everyone sees her,
But nobody cares.

Her face is all wrinkled,
Her hair is a mess,
Her teeth are all gone,
And she has but one dress.

The lines on her face
Tell the story of her life,
And all of her trouble,
And all of her strife.

One day she will be gone,
And to the people who did not care,
She'll still walk through the streets,
Selling her ware.

Leanne Kramer
Grade VIII

The Lone Man

"It was a beautiful island; a paradise of love. The animals roamed free on its windswept shores and the waves lapped softly on the empty beach. The tropical jungle grew uninhibited and freely and the fruits and flowers grew untouched by the defiling human hand. For there was but one. One man alone on this Paradise, his name long-forgotten and his nationality lost. Shipwrecked an age before, he lived in solitude in a hut fashioned from driftwood. He lived on what he could find, and often could be seen walking along the beach in silhouette against the pink and purple sunset. The time was endless on the island, and he had time to think and meditate. Like a Holy Man or Ghuru he gained a deeper, silent knowledge than man has ever known. This is not earned by two plus two is four, but by careful observation of everything in the world. He did this in the early morning when the sea sparkled like rows of diamonds, or in the twilight when the shadows lengthened.

He had a never-ending patience which led him to sitting on the rocks staring out to sea . . . "

"Okay! Cut! We'll continue filming tomorrow!"

Rosalind Scott
Grade VIII

"To Be Free"

I like it on a windy day,
With the sea breeze blowing through my hair,
When you're sailing all around the world,
And haven't got a single care.
When the sail is flapping high above,
And then you feel the world has love,
"To be free!"

When you're skimming along the waves so smooth,
When you've had a hard time and want to be soothed.
You forget all your cares in the vastness, it seems,
You forget everything, and fade into dreams,
"To be free!"

Debbie Johnston
Grade VI

The Sounds of Winter

The howl of the wind on a cold, chilly night,
The soft swish of snow as it whirls out of sight,
The crash of the logs, that explode as they spark,
Make the long, eerie shadows melt into dark.

Anne Garden
Grade VI

Fire is a Good Servant, But a Bad Master

Fire is a good servant,
But a bad master.
Fire — a soothing, friendly warmth
With embers glowing brightly
On the hearth,
And flickering sparks darting
Up the blackened chimney.
If you look closely into the fire
And think very hard,
The flames are like fairies,
Dancing in and out.
Then, as the fire dies,
And goes out,
So do the fairies,
One by one,
'Til only one little man
Is left, in the middle,
And then slowly, too,
He fades away.
Fire is life to man,
And death to man;
Fire is a good servant,
But a bad master.
Fire — a monster
Of scorching tongues of flame;
It destroys and kills
With an uncontrollable,
Ever-wanting hunger,
It devours everything in its path
Its searing heat
Signs its own death warrant;
For every tree
It makes a charred ruin,
It comes a moment closer to death.
Fire is a good servant,
But a bad master.

Margaret Ransford
Grade VII

Who Needs Education?

Why have education?
We're borne with lots of branes,
Let's use wat we are borne with
And forgete the lerning panes!

Let's take math for an example,
It's very plane to see
That we're all borne noing
One and one makes three.

Another thing I no by heart
Is lotts of history
Like Columbus found the coste of France
In forteen ninty-threee.

Painting is another thing
I've a natural talent fore,
Ive finished pante-by-number setts
As high as twenty-four!

Geografy's a waste of tyme,
I new when I was borne
That to travel from New-York to Maine
You sale around the Horne.

So Norfoke House is wasting tyme
With tipes as brite as me
I shood just take a holiday
Until I'm twenty-threee!

Diane O'Malia
Grade VIII

How the Rabbit Got a Cotton Tail

One day when the world was new and all the rabbits didn't have any tails, there lived a rabbit. Now this rabbit wanted a tail more than ever, so he decided to see the Djin of the Desert, and ask his advice. But he happened to be very hungry, and stopped off at an oasis. There he spied prickle bush (the prickle was a bit of cotton batton with a prickle inside), and decided to take it. But accidentally he slid on a stone and fell into the prickle bush. After he got out, one prickle was left on the bottom of his back.

And that's how the rabbit got a cotton tail.

Briony Penn
Grade IV

Spring

Oh yesterday was winter white,
Today it's green with spring,
And all the little birds so sweet
Are going churp, churp, ching!

The little squirrels, red and brown
Go racing in the breeze,
And all the little woodpeckers
Are pecking in the trees.

And all the little robins dear
Upon the branches brown
Are singing in the new spring breeze
And flying up and down.

Now all the little sweet snowdrops
Are coming up in white.
And all the little new spring trees
Are whispering at the sight.

Alison Rodgers
Grade IV

How the Giraffe Got a Long Neck

Once upon a time, when men were not alive, the giraffe had a very short neck. The giraffe was tired of coming last in jumping, so he was out in the jungle trying to jump when he got his neck wedged in a tree, and he couldn't get it out. He called for help. The giraffe kept calling until the elephant heard him. When the elephant came, he stared at the giraffe in surprise. He asked what he could do, and the giraffe answered, "Help me get my neck out of this tree, please!" So the elephant wrapped his trunk around the giraffe's feet. Then he started stepping backwards. The giraffe's head was wedged so tightly that all that happened was that the giraffe's neck started stretching and stretching until his feet were touching the ground. Then the elephant stopped pulling and asked the giraffe if he should stop now. The giraffe answered, "Yes, and thank you." Now the giraffe was able to unwedge his head, and he could eat leaves from the top of almost every tree. From then on giraffes have always had long necks and long legs.

Anne Wallis
Grade IV

"La Tristesse de l'Automne"

Les feuilles d'automne tombent. Mon premier amour est parti avec l'été et je pense à ce qu'il peut faire et comment ses "jeux" se déroulent.

La chambre est grise-pourquoi suis-je si triste? Maintenant que je suis seule l'amitié représente quelque chose que je ne puisse expliquer avec des mots simples. Qui m'a dit que dans la vie il y a toujours deux côtés-le bon et le mauvais? Cette question est difficile et elle peut rester aussi sans réponse-mais quand je pense à lui je me souviens bien d'innombrables at d'inoubliables souvenirs.

Ces mots

"On ne voit qu'avec le coeur-l'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux" restent avec moi-les autres sont perdus avec la plage et la lune. Il commence à pleuvoir. Est-ce la verité qu'après la pluie vient le soleil?

Etelka Murdoch
Grade XII

Jugend, Schnee und Verantwortlichkeit

Überall fällt der leichte Schnee;
Die Erde wurde weiss in der Nacht.
Das Eis entwirft an dem tiefen See,
Wo das dunkele Wasser wacht.

Plötzlich in die silberne Wunderwelt
Kommen Kinder, mit frohem Gelächter,
Denn das dicke, fremde und funkelnde Feld
Unmöglich kann warten bis später.

Sie kommen, sie gehen, sie spielen und laufen,
Sie wachsen, sie werden alt, und finden
Sie sterben, ihre Seele an Gott verkaufen.
Sie lassen die Erde und endlich verschwinden.

Jetzt tanzen die Kinder; ihr Ruf: "Immer Frei!"
Sie wissen nicht, sie müssen auch werden
Alt, wie die Eltern, die warten dabei.
Sie sollen im Krieg für den Frieden auch werben.

Aber nun fällt der leichte Schnee;
Die Erde wurde weiss in der Nacht.
Das Eis ist voll an dem tiefen See,
Wo das dunkele Wasser wacht.

Kathie Gibson
Grade XI

Kommen Sie Zu Mir

Der Morgen ist warm
Ist es nicht so?
Der Mittag ist heiss
Ist es nicht so?
Der Abend ist kalt
War es nicht so? — ?

Susan Hannam
Grade XI

Wer?

Ich gab mein Ehrenwort,
Aber sie glauben mir nicht.
Niemand kennt die Wahrheit.
Wer findet die Antwort?

Susan Hannam
Grade XI

Mondlicht

Abenddämmerung
Bei einem stillen schimmerenden See,
Mondlicht tanzt auf dem Wasser.
In die Stille
Kommt ein schlankes Reh
Es will trinken —
Meine leisen Schritte
Auf dem trocknen Laub —
Es hebt seinen stolzen Kopf
Und plötzlich
ist es verschwunden

Penny Beaven
Grade XII

The Prayer of the Eagle

Dear God:
Thank you for my proud beak;
My watchful eyes,
My smooth and gleaming feathers.
I give thanks for my sharp talons
With which I seize my prey,
And for the raw flesh
Of the rabbit,
The fish,
And the mouse,
Which these talons bring.
I am sorry
That I must kill these creatures,
But I know that You,
My Lord,
Understand,
For without this meat,
I,
Myself,
Would die,
Thank you for the bright, blue heavens,
Through which I soar majestically;
They seem to have no end.
I am grateful for the flaming sunset,
Which tints my powerful wings,
And for these I am also grateful.
My sheltering nest
In the craggy cliffs
And for my mate
Who awaits me there;
Please protect her
When my end has come.
When death does come to me,
Let it be peaceful, Lord.
Amen.

Margy Ransford
GradeVII

We're using tiny print to leave you lots of room on this page for autographs . . . and also because we're very modest. But we do have to break loose right here because this is worth shouting about:

Good Luck

FROM EATON'S

the store with MORE for ALL of YOU !

Penny Allen, Grade 11 Ink Design

Margaret Bigelow, Grade 12

Frances Taylor, Grade 9

Heather Bailey, Grade 11 Etching

Janet Andreae, Grade 10 Monoprint

Ann Poulton, Grade 11 Collagraph

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Graduation Dance of 1968

On the evening of June 27 the Victoria Golf Club was the scene of great excitement as the Grade 12's held their graduation dance. Everyone danced to the music of the As Sheriff including the many proud fathers with their daughters. The Grade 12's were almost unrecognizable in their gay formals, as we had seen them only in uniform. But they looked beautiful on this night anyway!

The dance was a tremendous hit with all the wonderful food and dancing. When the parents became exhausted, the grads left for the A Go Go and after parties.

Grania Learoyd

School Dance

This year the School Dance was held on March 1. It was a great success due mainly to the well organized and unified effort put into it. The decorations all centered around the theme of a cave which was very realistic. The entrance to the cave was narrow and dark with huge branches hovering above, and as one entered, her eyes were caught by a gigantic ominous, black spider, hanging from the ceiling. All around the room were papier-maché boulders, and the refreshments all lay on one large rock. The rough sides of the cave held a few glistening streams of water that dripped onto the floor. Then to give a really wonderful effect the ceiling was lowered and cave paintings and animal skins decorated the walls.

The band that played was the Neon-Lighted People and they were very good. One really good thing about the band was the fact that they played requests during the night.

Yet without the valuable help of Miss Tawney the dance could not have been as great a success as it was. Miss Stratton also was a great sport in helping with the last of the preparations. Then last, but certainly not least, Al's help was really needed in putting up and taking down the decorations.

Penny Allen

Christmas Pageant

This year's Christmas Pageant had a somewhat different theme from previous years'. It had the traditional Bethlehem scene but also a duplicate one done in modern times, and concerning modern affairs. It was an unusual arrangement but very successful. As a member of the cast I can say that we were very grateful to Mrs. Fairweather, our director, who spent many of her free hours rehearsing with us and perfecting the all important details.

Troubles came our way though, due to complications concerning the cast, but I'm happy to say the pageant proceeded as planned, along with Miss Pearcy's lovely choir groups. The cast would like to thank Mrs. Perrot and all those who helped with costumes and make-up.

Myrna Murdoch

Talent Show

In February the hidden talents of N.H.S. came to light. From grades one to twelve there was enthusiastic participation in the talent show. There were a wide variety of acts from ballet and poetry to commercials and skits. Mrs. Gore-Langton represented the staff under the disguise of a school girl typifying N.H. spirit. The show was run by a very able M.C. horse. We hope that the success of this year's show will encourage future such endeavours. Many thanks to all who were involved.

Fiona Gow

Senior Drama

This year Norfolk House was proud to present a play for the Drama Festival under the direction of Mr. Stuart Baker. After many weeks of hard practice "Mirror For Elizabeth" was presented at St. Ann's Academy on the evening of March 10. The cast was as follows: Elizabeth of England, Margaret Ann Leyden; Mary Radcliffe, Jill Smyth; Penelope Wyndham, Rosalind Napier; Elizabeth Trentham, Sue North who won third place in the festival; Elizabeth Throckmorton, Elizabeth Argall; Kate Carey, Sue Hannam; Mary Howard, Fiona Gow; and the page, Nicki Gore-Langton.

Margaret-Anne Leyden

"Les Deux Timides"

In November we were fortunate to be chosen as host school for the performance of the players of Theatre du Nouveau Monde. On Friday the 22, they put on the one act comedy by Labiche, "Les Deux Timides" and after the performance, recited some poetry by outstanding French-Canadian poets. Representatives of grades 10, 11, and 12 from all private schools in this area were invited. As well as being a wonderful opportunity for us to put our French to good use, the play provided us with an evening of thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

Karen Falder

Spring Fair

This year a new and exciting Fair was held, convened by Mrs. Houston, which took the place of the bazaar which we had for many years. The school joined in making many interesting stalls, each grade with a different one such as novelties, home baking and candies, a cake-walk, a picture-taking contest, a white elephant stall, and three grades served a delicious lunch. There were many other activities such as having your picture taken as a typical Norfolk House girl and eating hotdogs. Hobbies were displayed, books were sold, Dr. Houston's weight was guessed and many raffles were raffled. There was even a funorama and La Boutique. Everyone had a fine old time and after all this, over $2,900 was collected to help build and equip a new building.

Sue North

Fashion Show

On Wednesday night February 26, Norfolk had its second annual fashion show, which was sponsored by the Mothers' Auxiliary and held in the school gym. Mrs. F. B. Jones, our most able convener, opened the show by introducing Norma Fitzsimmons of Island Florists (which incidentally kindly provided all the flowers) who did a lovely flower arrangement later used as a door prize. Maison George was in charge of hair-dos and also donated a wig for a door prize. Mr. R. Slaytor of Sebastian's was the commentator. The models who were chosen by Sebastian were all local professionals except for Heather Bailey, a member of Grade Eleven.

A sincere thank you to those who assisted in making the show such a success.

Heather Bailey

Slave Day

Monday, December 16, was a special day for the Grade XII class, when they auctioned themselves to the younger members of the school. The slaves worked hard, and the novel project was a great success. Besides making $26.00 for the Social Service Club, relationships between junior and senior members of the school improved.

E. Webb
Grade XII

Spanish Club

As president of the Spanish Club I would like to thank you all for making this such a successful year. The piñata at Christmas, various films and other activities promoted cultural ties with Spanish speaking countries, and I hope that you will give next year's executive the wonderful support you have given us. A special "gracias" goes, too, to Mrs. Watton, our sponsor, for all her help and interest.

¡Otra vez gracias, y hasta luego!

Etelka Murdoch

EXECUTIVES OF LANGUAGE CLUBS

Spanish Club

Back row, left to right: E. Argall, H. Bailey, S. North.

Front row: T. Murdoch, S. Chaworth-Musters, S. Stapells, E. Murdoch.

French Club

K. Sartorius, R. Napier.
K. Falder, M. Dyer.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Back row: W. Smith, E. Argall, N. Gore-Langton, R. Dunbar, E. Courtnall, J. Bigelow, L. Sealey, L. Straith.

Front row: P. Marcus, K. Sartorius, B. Harris, P. Angus, G. Learoyd, M. Bigelow, B. Johnston.

French Club

Cette année le clube de français a commencé avec un régal de crêpes un vendredi à midi. Les membres les ont faites elle-mêmes sous la direction de l'éxecutive et les ont mangées en écoutant des disques des chansonniers français. Depuis, les intéresées sont venues écouter et parler la langue français. Nous avons eu, aussi, un concours avec des mots français dont les gagnants étaient Karin Sartorius et Roxanna McKenzie. Cette année les officiers du clube étaient: Karen Falder — presidente, Maggie Dyer — trésorière, Karin Sartorius — chargée de nourriture.

Karen Falder

Library

This year's committee was comprised of fifteen girls from grades 10 to 12. There was great difficulty in choosing our committee from the large number of girls who wished to join — I hope those girls that did not make it this year will try again next year.

It seemed that we had an overwhelming amount of new books presented to us. This gave the new girls good practice in classifying. Despite the minor "ups and downs" throughout the year, the library has been well used by both the juniors *and seniors*!

I would like to congratulate the librarians for their outstanding work with the books. This work can at times be tedious. My special thanks to Mrs. Gore-Langton for all her help. Thank you, girls, for making this library year such a success.

Peggie Angus

Senior Choir Report

The Senior Choir of 1968-1969 has had on the whole a very profitable year. During the first term the choir paid numerous calls to Mt. St. Mary Hospital to sing to the patients and a special visit was made just before Christmas to sing carols. Practices were also held for the Christmas concert and despite the large number of absentees due to illness, the choir definitely held its own in the programme.

During the spring term practices were frequent. The choir was invited to sing at the Organ Recital at St. Paul's Garrison Church. My thanks to those faithful souls who turned up for the concert.

The beginning of the summer term was spent with many practices for the Victoria Music Festival.

I would like to take the opportunity now to thank Miss Pearcy and Mrs. Bulman-Fleming for without them success would be impossible. Thanks and congratulations to the choir for their support and special mention to Penny Beaven for her assistance. Good Luck to the choir of 1969-1970.

Peggie Angus

SENIOR CHOIR

Back row, left to right: J. Butterfield, E. Webb, M. Colquhoun, R. Thompson, K. Falder, G. Edwards.

Middle row: K. Falder, N. Gore-Langton, R. Dunbar, M. Bigelow, S. Chaworth-Musters, C. Smith, V. Denford.

Front row: V. Coombes, K. Maddock, S. Stapells, J. Buckle, P. Angus, P. Beavan, K. Quinn, G. Fuller, J. Angus.

JUNIOR RED CROSS AND SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB

Fourth row, left to right: A. Paine, D. Oliver, M. Williams, K. Kendrick, V. Williams, L. Steele, K. Falder, R. Thompson, H. Scott.

Third row: L. Straith, B. Cunningham, V. Chatterton, J. Bigelow, S. Baker, V. Coombes, D. Mills.

Second row: P. Marcus, S. North, K. Maddock, J. Smyth, J. Buckle, K. Quinn, H. Bailey, S. Stapells, P. Allen, C. Taylor, J. Angus.

First row: H. Wallace, B. Taaffe, M-A. Wiggins, M. Lane, V. Ball, A. Paine.

Humanities and Science Third Annual Symposium

This year the Third Annual Humanities and Science Symposium was held at the University of Victoria on April 11 and 12. Helen Ohrt and I were both chosen as observers; Helen had entered Creative English and I, Art History. There were twenty-four people chosen to present their works and fifty observers who were there to discuss what was presented. The teacher of each presenter was also invited to attend.

The Symposium officially began on Friday morning with an opening address by Mr. Pierre Berton. Following this, we divided ourselves into four groups to listen to four different groups of presentations. Of all twenty-four presenters, we were only able to listen to six at the most because time was limited and the organizers wanted to keep the groups small. All that afternoon the seventy-five of us in groups of ten were first given a tour of the whole university and then had a choice of one of four special tours. Helen and I both picked the tour of the Science Departments. We were taken from the top floor in the Science building, discussing Astronomy to the basement, discussing Oceanography. It was especially interesting for us because Helen is planning on entering Sciences in university and I know absolutely nothing about it. That evening there were more presentations. I attended a group where the subject of the presentation was school. We were discussing whether to abolish examinations. I got into a very lively argument with not only the other observers but also the observing teachers. It was really great. The next morning we listened to the last set of presentations and then attended the closing banquet accompanied by a final address by Dean Richard Jeffels.

It is hard to describe to you all the activities we did and the people we met and the things we learned in a small report like this. But both Helen and I agreed that it was really worth the effort of submitting a project. Good luck next year!

Margaret Bigelow
Grade XII

Red Cross Youth Leadership Seminar 1968

The seminar was held at U.B.C. from June 23 to June 29. It was about the Red Cross, what it does in Canada and in other countries. There were films and guest speakers telling how the Red Cross operated, how it supports itself and why it is necessary. There were international students studying at U.B.C. from Mauritius, Malawi, India, Peru and Ghana who came and spoke about their countries. Everyday there were discussions and Public Speaking practice. Ideas for developing school Red Cross and for fund-raising activities were discussed.

Ann Poulton

U.N. EXECUTIVE
J. Bigelow, R. Napier.
K. Maddock.

Social Service — Red Cross Report 1968 - 69

In September the school elected the following Red Cross and Social Service officers:

Pres. S.S. — Kathie Quinn. Pres. Red Cross — Jane Buckle
Vice-Pres. — Heather Bailey
Secretary — Janet Andreae
Treasurer — Jennifer Angus

This year the S.S. and Red Cross Clubs have worked together to make this a busy and successful year. With the help of the whole school, we were able to send hampers at Thanksgiving and again at Christmas to five needy families who were cheered with our decorative food hampers and presents.

A large Christmas stocking was filled with gifts by the Grade Elevens and taken to the handicapped children and the patients at Mount St. Mary's who were grateful for the candy, flowers and decorations delivered to them by a group of club members just before the Christmas holidays.

As last year, we have helped support an Indian child and continued to send volunteers to Mount St. Mary's and St. Joseph's; while other girls registered for the home nursing course, and as helpers at the surplus food stall. Recently several senior girls helped at the blood clinic.

Norfolk House has taken an active part in the "Red Cross Inter-High School Council", winning the school shield several times for outstanding work. We are proud to add also, that Jean Bigelow and Fiona Gow were elected as members of the council's executive.

This year our senior girls have taken time to help the more junior members with such projects as health kits, scrapbooks and knitting for blankets; the results of which both juniors and seniors can be proud.

Many fund raising projects were undertaken and the school's enthusiastic response to the hot-dog sales, doughnut sales, cookie and cake sales, the lucky dip and the book sale, made it possible to reach our goals successfully.

Jane and I would like to express our thanks to the whole school, with a special thank you to our sponsor, Mrs. Spicer, for all her faithful help throughout the year. It is not only the pleasing results, but the working together to obtain them, that has made this year a success. Let's maintain this enthusiasm to help others and strive to make next year an exceptional one!

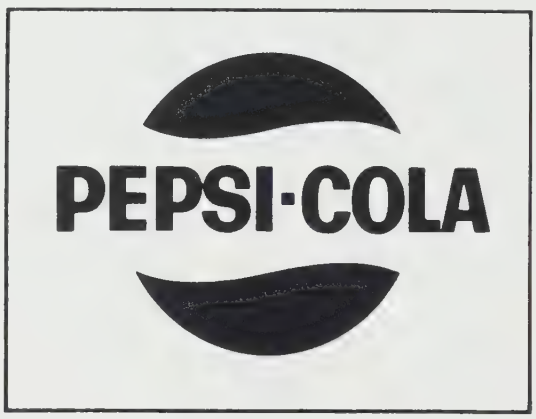
Kathie Quinn

United Nations Club Report

President: Kathy Maddock
Vice-President: Rosalind Napier
Secretary-Treasurer: Jean Bigelow

Although this year's U.N. Club has had to face more than the usual "let-downs", I feel that the members have really become exceptionally enthusiastic about the United Nations and World Affairs.

To recognize U.N. Day in October, we flew our first club-owned U.N. flag, watched two very realistic films on Biafra-Nigeria, and "played" a most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rewarding game concerning "Man and Peace" which all members enjoyed.

At the November meeting, we held a discussion session concerning the "Czechoslovakia Incident". Also that month a delegation of Grade XII's was sent to the Shoreline Assembly and in March a Grade XI delegation went to the Burnaby High Assembly.

Of course, the most important event for our club is our own U.N. Assembly and this year the members worked especially hard to make it the most successful assembly of the year. But, as happened with so many other events, it had to be postponed because of the "freezing" weather and then cancelled. Consequently we held a miniature assembly within the club, with our own Mrs. Gore-Langton as president. This event proved to be so successful that we hope to do the same next term, for all the members to learn how the U.N. "really works".

The numerous fund-raising events this year have included two doughnut sales, a book sale, and a hotdog sale. All the proceeds go towards the financing of our assembly; to the delegations sent to other assemblies and the seminar at U.B.C.

At this time I would like to take the opportunity of thanking Mrs. Gore-Langton, our sponsor and advisor, for all her hard work for the club.

All in all, I feel the club members, this year, have shown keen interest and enthusiasm and I would like to wish them the best of luck for the coming years.

President of the U.N. Club

U.N. Seminar at U.B.C.

At the end of last summer, four girls: Laura Cameron, Margaret Bigelow, Nicki Gore-Langton, and Rosalind Napier attended the 1968 U.N. Seminar on the U.B.C. Campus. Two of the girls were sponsored by the Victoria U.N.A., and two by our own club.

The sixty-plus high school students from all over B.C., spent the week at Fort Camp, old army barracks. The theme, having been "Human Rights" last year, was the "Search for Human Rights", and this proved to be a larger topic than imagined. Every day, for five days, there were speakers such as doctors of philosophy and a professor of law, to enrich the minds of the participants. These speakers were widely varied, from a Marxist professor at S.F.U. and a Negro, to an Indian and a French-Canadian member of the government.

After each lecture or film there were discussion groups to debate and discuss various topics. These were headed by counsellors, one of whom was Mary Bigelow, last year's Head Girl. They, with their knowledge and vigour, stimulated long arguments deep into the night.

The delegates, by way of well-earned relaxation, were shown various highlights of Vancouver by the Vancouver U.N.A. These included an evening at the P.N.E. and a banquet in Chinatown. After a most exciting week the delegates returned, realizing how little they knew and how much they had to learn about our fellow men.

R. Napier
Grade XI

Shoreline Model Assembly

On the weekend of November 15-17, thirteen girls from Grade XII flew down to Seattle with Mrs. Gore-Langton to attend the annual Shoreline High School United Nations Model Assembly. We represented three countries. Fiona Gow, Jill Brock, Karin Sartorius and Kathy Quinn for Mauritius; Jane Buckle, Kathy Maddock, Helen Ohrt and Maggie Dyer for Bulgaria; Etelka Murdock, Linda Bapty, Karen Falder and Margaret Bigelow for Greece. Tamara Murdock and Donna Hawes from Claremont High School were observers. Late Friday afternoon we arrived at our motel and were free to go shopping in the evening.

Bright and early Saturday morning we were driven to Shoreline and after a short film, committee meetings were under way. We lunched at 12:30 p.m. and gathered again an hour later for the General Assembly. Due to many irrelevant arguments and interruptions in the procedure, serious discussion never really began. Finally, most of us left around 5:00 p.m. and took taxis into town. We were free for the remainder of the time and on Sunday morning we flew home.

Everyone had a wonderful time and we all wish to sincerely thank Mrs. Gore-Langton for putting up with us.

Jill Brock

North Burnaby Model Assembly

On February 21, ten Grade Elevens from Norfolk attended a U.N. Model Assembly held at North Burnaby High School. The delegates represented two countries — Margaret-Anne Leyden, Christine Taylor, Nicki Gore-Langton, Robin Dunbar and Valerie Chatterton for Brazil; Kathie Gibson, Gail Stirling, Rosalind Napier, Andrea Nelles and Ann Poulton for Ecuador.

After arriving at the Villa Motel on the Friday evening and utilizing the swimming pool and dining room facilities, four delegates departed for the other side of Vancouver to watch our team playing in the round-robin at U.B.C., and six delegates went to the school. There, amidst an organized confusion of coloured committee arrows and seven hundred other delegates attempting registration, a concert of a Trinidadian Steel Band took place.

On Saturday morning committee meetings took place from 9:30 until 12:30, with a break. Amendments were made upon amendments that didn't need to be made in the first place, but everyone learned a great deal about formal committee proceedings and debating tactics in general. All seven hundred delegates from both sides of the border then hiked about half a mile to the other side of the school campus for a well-earned cold plate lunch.

The general assembly finally commenced at about 2:00, in another colossal gym with a stage where the president, chairman, and secretary, were seated, and a balcony where an audience was seated, including His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson and his entourage. The main gym floor was well equipped with masses of six-foot placards advertising the countries, microphones, platforms, and more and more copies of extra amendments issued at the last moment. Between 2:00 and 5:15, when we left to catch our ferry,

about seven resolutions were debated upon and voted on, and mostly defeated. Some of the resolutions were very interesting, and the organization of the whole assembly was fantastic and impressive. The general assembly was marred only by the fact that it was so large that it was difficult to keep order, and at times it was virtually impossible to hear the speakers.

Our delegates learned a lot, on the whole, from this assembly and wish to thank Mrs. Gore-Langton profusely for her time, energy, and interest.

Rosalind Napier

HOUSE OFFICERS

CAISTER	WALSINGHAM	WYMONDHAM	DEREHAM
S. Stapells	M. Bigelow	B. Harris	K. Maddock
L. Steele, H. Bailey	S. Angus, S. North	D. Mills, J. Boyd	P. Marcus, G. Stirling
M. Koerner	H. Fowler	J. Patterson	D. Simon

Caister House Report

Motto: Caister Men Never Turn Back

Captain ..... Sherrie Stapells
Vice-Captain ..... Heather Bailey
Secretary ..... Laura Steele
Junior Captain ..... Marianne Koerner

Congratulations on your enthusiastic sportsmanship this year: you have all helped to make Caister what she should be, a happy house filled with friendly smiles and goodwill towards the other houses.

This year — yes — this year we actually won something! Stand up and take a bow, Caister, for we won National House Day, which was a competition held between the four houses. We placed first in the junior backward spelling bee, and first in the apple bob (special thanks to Kathy Quinn: way to bob, Kath!). To round off the whole day (especially the House executive), there was a pie eating contest.

Scholastically, we are blessed with brilliance: many of our House points have come from honours.

Also, great enthusiasm was displayed in both our hockey teams. Even though our juniors lost, our seniors placed second, and everyone had fun.

Basketball was really exciting and we again placed second.

Somehow our debating has not been the highlight of the year. We have lost every single debate: but thanks for the support.

Since tennis and track are approaching I hope we will continue to have such good fortune (to rank and not come last!).

I would like to extend my special thanks to Caroline Penn, who has helped so much in sports activities, and I would like to congratulate Rosemary Rayfuse for obtaining the most House points.

All I can say is thank you, Caisterites, for making Caister such a great house: it was not only fun, but a great honour, to be your captain.

Good luck.

Sherrie Stapells

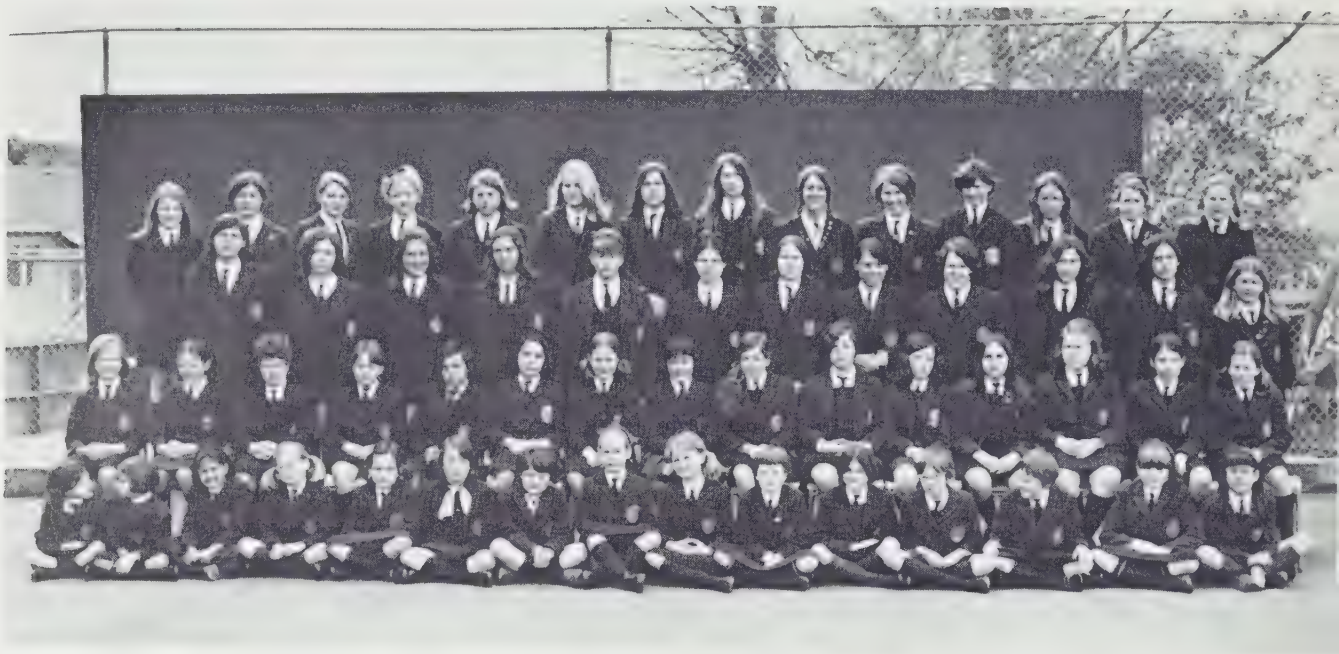
Dereham House

Motto: United We Stand

Captain ..... Kathy Maddock
Vice-Captain ..... Gail Stirling
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Pam Marcus
Junior Captain ..... Shelly Simon

In the year 1968-1969 Dereham has shown great enthusiasm and House spirit has excelled. Although we are not noted for our academic scholars or athletic champions, together, as a House, we have managed to keep up with the high standings of the "older" Houses.

Our Junior House hockey team played their games to victory, while the senior hockey team tied for second place, after three tiring, scoreless battles



CAISTER HOUSE

DEREHAM HOUSE

against Caister. In the basketball field we were not so lucky. Although our heart was in the game we were never quite fast enough, but with a little practice, I feel this may easily be remedied. The results of this year's gym competition look promising and with hard work I feel confident we will do better in sports day, too.

We have been the only House to be free of demerits for three "four-week" terms, for which every House member should be congratulated.

With the first "National House Day", which was sponsored by the four Houses, Dereham's executive managed to prove themselves the fastest "pie eating" team, with the apple bobbers closely following. The day was for fun but along with it we placed second in our over-all points.

I would like to thank Sue Chaworth-Musters, Gail Stirling, Vanessa Coombs, Pam Temple, Christine Thompson, Sarah Nation, Pam MacArthur, Janice Regan, and Vickie Kendrick for their interest and support this year.

Academically congratulations go to V. Kendrick, P. Murray, A. Sinclair, J. Regan and G. Stirling for adding many valuable points.

Finally, I would like to thank the whole house for making this year's job as your captain such an enjoyable one.

Best of luck for the future!

Kathy Maddock

Walsingham House

Motto: Never Despair

The officers elected at the first meeting are:

Captain ..... Margaret Bigelow
Vice-Captain ..... Sue North
Secretary ..... Sarah Angus
Junior Captain ..... Holly Fowler

Oh wow, Walsingham! I am really proud of you! Amongst the sixty-four of us, we have conjured up truckloads of spirit this year. It is most important for you to be able to work with the people in your house before you can possibly try to work against the other houses as a whole, and I think, Walsingham, that you have succeeded.

Athletically, we have had great enthusiasm. We did very well in basketball, by winning all three games and the team deserves special congratulations. In junior hockey we won one game and lost the other two but there is no need to give up because the team is good and with more practice by next year should do very well. Then there is our senior hockey. Well . . . I am afraid we lost all our games but we tried our hardest so there isn't much one can say except next year try harder than your hardest. We are now approaching track season with great enthusiasm and I am sure we will do well on sports day. We have a good team for the gym competition and should be quite successful in tennis. I want to give particular thanks to the people who have loyally supported our school at games and really showed that they cared. There was great participation by our house in National House Day. We did very well in the Easter egg hunt and had a small feast as our reward.

WALSINGHAM HOUSE

WYMONDHAM HOUSE

At the end of the day we tied with Wymondham for third place. We were always in great competition with Wymondham and were in the second term challenged to a tiddlywinks competition. Barbie and I fought it out with the support of our juniors and in the end Walsingham won.

Academically, Walsingham, you hve done absolutely fabulously. The points for your honours have been far above the other houses and I certainly hope you will continue to work as hard as you have. Walsingham has had only one debate this year which was a junior one. We won. I am looking forward to the public speaking and I hope we have lots of entries.

There are many girls who have given an awful lot to Walsingham this year through their support at games, earning points through gym or just around school or by their school work and I thank you.

Finally, I wish to thank you Walsingham for being so enthusiastic, energetic, sincere, happy and especially for being so full of spirit.

Margaret Bigelow

Wymondham House

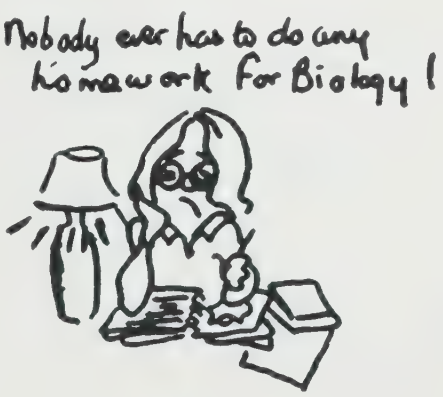
Motto: Keep Our Gold the Purest, Brightest and the Surest

Captain ..... Barbie Harris
Vice-Captain ..... Jill Boyd
Secretary ..... Kathy McGee
Junior Captain ..... Janny Patterson

This year has just been fantastic, and I would like to thank everybody for helping to make it so great! A new member was added to our house at the beginning of the year and my hope is that he will stay for a long time, our mascot, "Paddington Bear". He attended every house meeting and even came out to the house matches which seemed to help our teams as we won the senior house hockey, and played really well in the junior hockey and senior basketball matches.

I hope that everybody enjoyed National House Day because without their enthusiasm I don't think the executives could have finished their pies. The mass of house points this year was terrific and I would like to congratulate Jill Boyd, Ann Poulton, Tibby Gladwell, Jill Walker, Roxanna Mackenzie, D'arcy Mills, and Mary-Jane Henning for their support this year. Thanks to everybody and have fun next year.

Barbie Harris



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Closing Prize List

June 1968

Grade I ..... Carolyn Simpson
Grade II ..... Barbara Taaffe
Grade III ..... Anne Wallis
Grade IV ..... Julia Charles
Grade V ..... Janice Regan
Grade VI ..... Margaret Ransford
Grade VII ..... Rosalind Scott
Grade VIII (White) ..... Alison Henry
Grade VIII (Green) ..... Hilary Groos, Rosemary Barber-Starkey
Grade IX ..... Debbie Ratcliffe
Grade X ..... Gail Stirling

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR:

Junior French ..... Lisa Stone
Junior History ..... Kathleen Kendrick
Sewing ..... Holly Fowler
Music ..... Hilary Groos, Valerie Denford
Drama ..... Susan North, Rosalind Napier
Best Literary Entry in Magazine ..... Karen Falder
Art ..... Margaret Bigelow
Spanish ..... Gail Stirling
H. E. Beasley Special Prize for ..... Daphne Trelawney
Wymondham in French

Prizes for French Presented by the Government of France:

French Public Speaking ..... Karen Falder
Grade XII French ..... Diana Houston

Prize for German Presented by the Federal Republic of Germany:

Grade XII ..... Leslie Horne
Intermediate Scripture ..... Nicola Young
Scripture (in memory of the Right Reverend George Bell, Bishop of Chichester) ..... Kathleen Gibson

Book Prizes in Grade 11 (combined standing)

English and Social Studies ..... Helen Ohrt
Mathematics and Science ..... Jill Brock
Languages ..... Karen Falder
Grade XII History ..... Mary Bigelow
Grade XII English ..... Mary Bigelow
Grade XII Latin ..... Leslie Horne
Grade XII Geography ..... Elizabeth Grant
Grade XII Mathematics ..... Diana Houston
Dr. Trottier Memorial Prize for Science ..... Elizabeth Grant

Grade XII
CUPS

Senior Championship Tennis Singles ..... Diana Houston
Senior Tennis Doubles ..... Diana Houston, Janice Melville
Junior Tennis Doubles ..... Sarah Angus, Janet Andreae
House Singing ..... Wymondham, Dereham
House Gymnastics ..... Wymondham
Davies Cup for House Debating ..... Walsingham
Pooley Cup for Academic Honors ..... Caister
Cock House Cup for Total Points ..... Wymondham
The Grads of 1964 Cup ..... Deborah Bedford
Old Girls' Public Speaking

Senior Shield ..... Mary Bigelow
Intermediate Book Prize ..... Janet Andreae
The Charles Heisterman Cup ..... Peggy Angus
The Prior Cup ..... Cathy Campbell
The Burridge Cup ..... Judy Fowler, Elizabeth Grant
The Young Cup (Academic and Athletic Work) .... Diana Houston
The Hammond Cup for Merit ..... Mary Bigelow

Austin Leigh Award

Awarded each September to the graduate with the highest standing in Department of Education Exams.

1967 ..... Elizabeth Angus
1968 ..... Mary Bigelow

The Austin Leigh Award was inaugurated by Mrs. Denis Mason-Hurley in 1962, in memory of her father. The first winner, that year, was Hilary Spicer.

National House Day

Norfolk, for the first time, celebrated National House Day on March 28. Its purpose was to encourage house and school spirit. Everyone was wearing a ribbon the colour of her house and assembly that morning looked very gay. An Easter Egg Hunt was held during the extended recess and Walsingham collected the most eggs. At lunch time the entire school took part in an obstacle race which included crab walking, bunny-hopping, hopping backwards and skipping. Following this some of the seniors participated in an apple bob. Caister won. While this was going on the juniors had a backwards spelling bee at which Dereham was top. The program was most exciting. During program the whole school met in the gym to watch the sixteen house executives engage in a pie eating contest. Caister finished first once again. After getting somewhat cleaned up the four house captains gave a small summary of the day's highlights and read the overall results: Caister came first followed by Dereham then Walsingham and Wymondham who tied for third place.

Margaret Bigelow

Exchange Magazines

Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.; Weston School, Montreal, Que.; The Study, Montreal, Que.; Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que.; St. Helen's School, Dunham, Que.; Elmwood, Ottawa, Ont.; Strathallan College, Hamilton, Ont.; Bishop Strachan, Toronto, Ont.; Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.; St. Mildred's College, Toronto, Ont.; Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.; Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.; Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.; Qu'Appelle Diocesan, Regina, Sask.; St. George's, Vancouver, B.C.; Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.; Strathcona Lodge, Shawnigan Lake, B.C.; Shawnigan Lake School, Shawnigan Lake, B.C., St. Margaret's School, Victoria, B.C.; Queen Margaret's School, Duncan, B.C.

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Shan Harvey, 1025 Joan Crescent
Victoria Horner, 36 Sylvan Lane
Marion HVozdanski, 1658 Ash Rd.

Grade II

Janet Empey, 3270 Beach Dr.
Theresa Fayad, 1898 Grandview Dr.
Sarah Goult, 1605 York Pl:
Sara Heard, 1251 Tattersall Dr.
Susan Johnston, 1935 Runnymede Avenue
Sherri Moore, 1839 Gonzales Ave.
Carolyn Simpson, 2960 Surrey Rd.
Heather Wallis, 1227 Tattersall Dr.
Hilary Wells, 2138 Windsor Rd.

Grade III

Aileen Baldwin, 4901 Searidge Dr.
Jennifer Charles, H.M.C. Dockyard
Linda Green, 1958 Hawes Rd.
Alison Gladwell, 2830 Murray Dr.
Ione Hunt, 3491 Mayfair Dr.
Angela Past, 3460 Beach Dr.
Barbara Taaffe, 10 Beach Dr.
Angela Dodds, 2575 Lansdowne Rd.
Feona McNeel Caird, 2629 Currie Rd.

Grade IV

Victoria Ball, 2481 Central Ave.
Clare Barry, 3918 Olympic View Dr.
Gretchen Eisele, 730 Humboldt St.
Susan Empey, 3270 Beach Dr.
Victoria Kendrick, 2002 Ferndale Rd.
Nicola Ker, 4998 Echo Dr.
Damaris Mason Hurley, 1575 Rockland Avenue
Nicola Morgan, 3195 Humber Rd.
Gillian Murray, 2775 Seaview Rd.
Angela Paine, 1387 St. David St.
Briony Penn, 4045 Rainbow Rd.
Felicity Provins, 3981 Cedar Hill X Road
Joan Robertson, 140 Moss St.
Alison Rogers, 5065 Catalina Terr.
Anne Wallis, 1227 Tattersall Dr.
Jennifer Worrall, 304 Beaumont Ave.

Grade V

Alexandra Allen, 42 Linden Ave.
Julia Charles, H.M.C. Dockyard
Stephanie Clark, 2440 Chiltern Pl.
Andree Dufleit, 1015 Deal St.
Janice Edwards, 584 Victoria Ave.
Patti Lou Empey, 3270 Beach Dr.
Karen Gibbins, 3536 Henderson Rd
Diana Graeme, 990 Terrace Ave.
Elizabeth Henry, 3300 Ripon Rd.
Susan Horner, 2906 Leigh Rd.
Mara Lane, 4037 Hollydene Pl.
Penelope Murray, 2775 Seaview Rd.
Katherine Molloy, 1221 Beach Dr.
Alison Newberry, 4274 Parkside Cres.
Clair Rogers, 5065 Catalina Terr.
Theresa Rayfuse, 512 Selkirk Ave.
Beverlee Sealey, 3395 Cadboro Bay Road
Alison Sinclair, 4356 Parkside Cres.
Diana Travers Smith, 590 Transit Rd.
Mary Ann Wiggins, 1118 D'Arcy Lane

Grade VI

Lani Arsens, 582 St. Charles St.
Catriona Baldwin, 4901 Searidge Dr.
Lynne Dixon, 3200 Exeter Rd.
Roxanne Finnie, 1900 Richardson St.
Anne Garden, 760 Rogers Ave.
Mary Gladwell, 2830 Murray Dr.
Catriona Gow, 2453 Currie Rd.
Jocelyn Graeme, 990 Terrace Ave.
Linda Hayman, 2012 Fredrick Norris
Carol Hutton, 890 Falkland Rd.
Deborah Johnston, 1935 Runnymede Avenue
Philippa Morgan, 3195 Humber Rd.
Jennifer Nelles, 1999 Lansdowne Rd.
Diana Oliver, 2660 Lansdowne Rd.
Alison Paine, 1387 St. David St.
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Jennifer Reynolds, 5421 Alderley Rd.
Janice Short, 2366 Central Ave.
Ginger Smith, 2770 Thorpe Pl.
Lise Stone, 2129 McNeill Ave.
Gail Thompson, 2980 Lansdowne Rd.
Jill Walker, 3350 Woodburn Ave.
Pamela McArthur, 423 Newport Ave.
Lisa Stevenson, 2974 Irma St.

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Ellen Dowell, 3270 Upper Terrace
Mary Ann Empey, 3270 Beach Dr.
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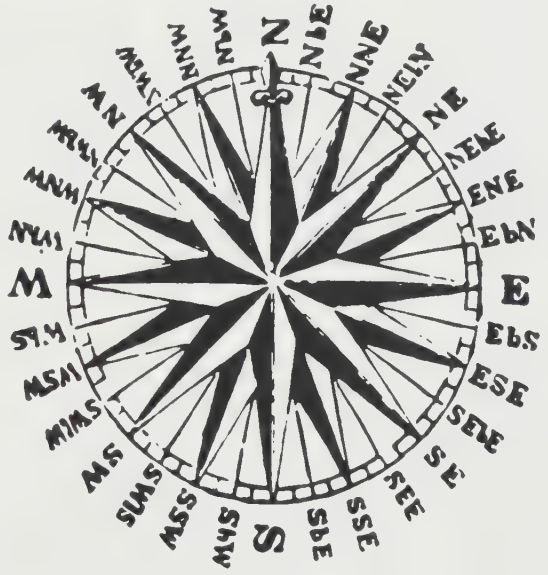

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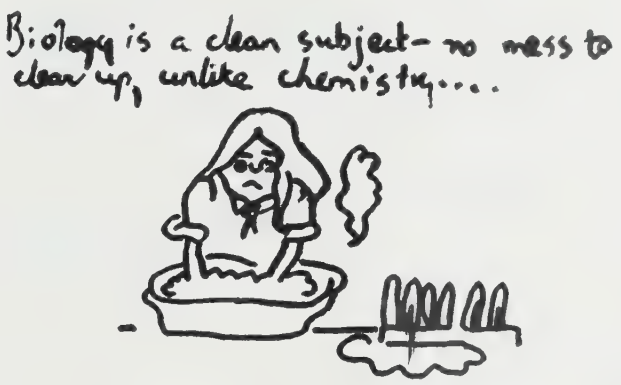

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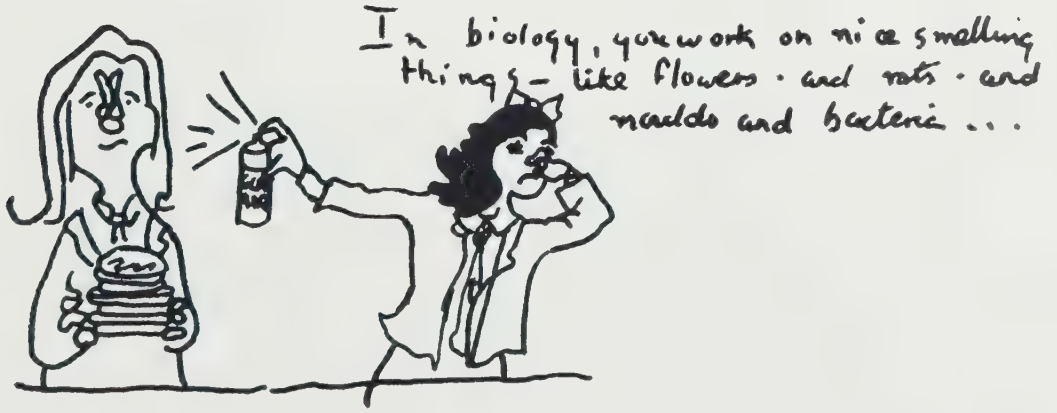

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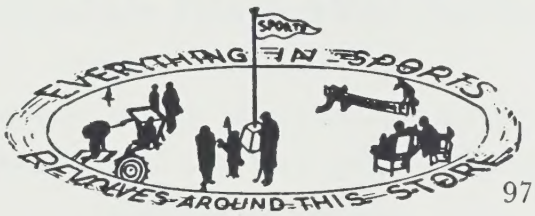

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